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The Climb to God

BEING A COLLECTION OF PULPIT AND PRIVATE PRAYERS WHICH ARE MEANT TO GIRD THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

By

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE,

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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THESE prayers were most of them taken by the stenographer: some of them were written for special need or the outflow of the preacher's own heart to God.

They have had help in them to men and women who have asked for their preservation on the page of a printed book.

Possibly the largest way to develop devotion is by the leadings of prayer. Not the talk about religion, but the talk to God.

The longing of one man toward God and for God may be the leading of others. And the sole reason for letting these prayers find the page of a book is the surging desire that they might bring God nearer and lead some stranger to the Friend whose name is Jesus, and balm some heart sorely needing balm, and make the great, gentle Helper, God-Christ, more real in the hearts of men and women born to die, but born also not to die.

May it be so, is the prayer of

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE.

Contents

Prayer	Page
The Call to Prayer	9
A Prayer of Adoration	13
Kept of God	14
For Daylight in the Inmost Soul	17
The Call to the Holy Spirit	18
That We May be Allured of God	19
For the Open Door	20
A Morning Prayer	22
Gladness that We are Loved of Christ	23
Thanks that the Landscape of Eternity is God's	24
Thanks for the Large Requirements of God	26
The Shadow of the Cross	28
Thanks for the Divine Favor	29
Prayer that God Would Inundate Our Lives	30
Praise to the Lord of Harvests	33
An Evening Prayer	34
Lord, to be Like the Blossoming of Flowers	35
The God of All Work	36
Thanksgiving that We Have Kept God	38
A Prayer of Resurrection	39
Praise for the Love that Never Sleeps	40
Lord, We Press Our Faces Against the Window Panes	43
Keep Us, O Lord	44
Praise for the Thoroughfare	45
Thanks that Our Need Drives Us to God	46
Thanks that God's Providence Abides	48
Thanks that God, as a Father, Takes Us by the Hand	50
For the Voice that is Calling Us	52
To be Susceptible to the Finer Moods	54
That God May Compassionate Our Lives	56
We are Not Competent Without God	58
The Tryst with God	60
Thanks that God's Pathway Has Crossed Our Track	62
Lord, So Close We May Put Our Two Hands in Thine	64
Prayer for Forgiveness for Obtuse Moral Sense	66
For the Christ, Be Praise	68

Prayer	Page
God at the Door to Welcome Us	70
Room for All of Us at the Foot of the Cross	72
Christ is Ocean, Ship, and Pilot	74
God Making Ready a Place for Us	76
Eternal Calm with God	78
Prayer for the Heavenly Bread	80
Forgive Our Blindness	82
Be Our Soul's Sky	83
Pray for Us	84
Our Times are in Thy Hand	86
A Christmas Oblation	87
Take a Hand in Our Business, Lord	88
We are Sheltered by Thy Love	90
In Heavenly Places at the Feet of God	92
Thou Canst Make the Tattered Heart Rejoice	94
The Lord of Morning Hears Our Call	96
Open to Us Some Window, Lord	98
Our Chief Mercy is God	100
A Prayer of Children	101
Prayer for Manliness	102
We are Helped of God	103
Thou Givest the Day of the Upward Look	104
Wheresoever Thou Goest, Daylight is Come	108
God Trying to Talk to Us	110
Thy Goodness Hath Been Our Pasture	112
In God's House We are Not Shut Out, but In	114
May Our Issue of Blood be Stanched	116
Thy Commandment is Exceeding Broad	118
To Measure Up to the Peace of God	120
O, Precious Christ	122
Making Glad Way to God	124
God for Partner	126
Help Thy Preacher, Lord	128
May We All Get Homesick for God	131
Thou Fructifiest All Our Betternesses	132
Thee We Adore, O Christ	134
God Loveth Thee	137
We Amount to Something in God's Sight	138
God Walks Out Our Way	140

Prayer	Page
Toilers, but Not Despondent Toilers	142
Thou Art Our Enchantment, O God	144
Give Us Free Access to God	146
We Do Not Outgrow God with Coming Years	148
Thy Path of Mercy	150
Thy Nearness is Our Comfort	152
Forbid We Should Always be Broken in Purpose	154
The Persistency of Thy Great Love	155
Praise for the June Time	156
Thy Rainbow is On the Cloud	157
Still With Thee, O Lord	158
A Prayer in Drouth	160
For the Spacious Christ	163
The Prelude to Paradise	164
Lord, Bring Us to a Better Day	166
Lord of the Daybreak, We Give Thee Thanks	168
Lord, We Need the Sabbath for Our Hearts	170
Our Hope Takes Fire	172
Praise that We Have All and Abound	174
Do Not the Wild Birds Waken with a Song?	176
Because Thou Dost Remember Us, We Live	178
We Calm Our Tempest at Thy Cross	180
God Wants Us to Talk to Him	182
Gentle as the Dew, Yet Mighty as the Stormy Wind	186
The Majesty We Are by the Grace of God	187
Thy Words are Worth Remembering	188
We Believe We Have an Elder Brother	191
God is Concerned in My Life	192
Our Humiliation is Our Exaltation	194
Praise for Every Incitement to Good	196
Great Things are Happened to Us	198
Prayer-Hearer, Thou Art Prayer-Answerer	200
Great Kinsman of Our Hearts	202
Every Day a Fresh Renunciation of Self	206
A Week Nearer Eternity	208
Face to Face with God at Every Turn	210
Because of All Thou Art and Dost, We Bless Thee	212
Thou Dost Beleaguer the Soul with Invitations	214
Preach to Us the Cross this Morning	216

Prayer	Page
Keep Us from Frothing Our Lives Away	217
Our Proprietor is God	218
Everybody has His Empty Chair	220
In the Midst of All, Thy Mercy	221
Give Us the Thews of Maturity	222
May Our Cavilings Cease	223
Easier to Sing Since Christ Came	224
Lord, Thou Art Better than a Dreamless Night to Rest the Soul	226
Lord of the Mountains, Hear Our Prayer	228
For the Laughter Thou Hast Put Into Our Lives	230
The Winds of God Blow Upward	232
We Bless Thee Always	234
The Almighty is Our Recourse	235
The Pre-emption of Us by God	236
We Wearily Climb to Thee	238
We Glory in Thy Cross	240
A Blessing on Our Holy Ventures, Lord	242
O King Eternal, We are Made for Thee	244
God is Our Doorkeeper	246
A Workingman's Prayer	248
The Spirit of a Sound Mind, the Gift We Need	250
May the Wind of God Blow Softly	251
Let Us Do Thy Work and Love the One Christ	252
Thou Callest to Our Deeps	254
We Would Pilgrim Heavenward, but Not Alone	256
A Prayer for School Folk	258
Prayer to be Unturbulent	260
From Behind the Lattices Where Shine the Stars	262
Snow-bound	264
His Knowledge Instead of Ours	266
Our Heights are Made for Them	267
Make Us God's Citizens	268
Teach Us How to Frequent All Highways	270
Lord of Centuries and Governments	272
Thou Hast Put the World in Our Blood	276
Father	278
Lord, Hush My Heart	280

The Call to Prayer

PRAYER is ever our highest human soul-exploit. When we grow great we press toward God and, pressing toward God, we pray.

We are the praying folk, we Christians, and it is ever our soul-delight to know that God hears us when we pray—and heeds us. A listening ear and a helping hand are always the certainties of prayer.

Prayer is our unfathomable attempt. We shall not be wise enough while time endures with us to know the reach and dynamic of praying breath; but reach and dynamic inhere in prayer. We humans want God. The infinite in us calls to the Infinite without us. We are on speaking terms with the Eternal. We are more than acquaintances with God. We are friends of His. How that thought witches like the lapping of a wave heard in the night. Friends of God; and He is choice of His associates. That were enough to be friends of the Friend Eternal: but we tarry not even on so supreme an eminence. We are relatives of God. I am of the mood to believe that the Christ said no more thrill-

ing thing than when He spake to this end. Such as know poetry, listen to this: "There came then His brethren and His mother and, standing without, sent unto Him, calling Him. And the multitude sat about Him and they said unto Him, Behold Thy mother and Thy brethren without seek for Thee. And He answered them, saying, Who is My mother or My brethren? And He looked around about on them which sat about Him and said, Behold My mother and My brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of God the same is My brother and My sister and My mother." When did poetry soar with freer wing than here; or higher, or when can it? Yet is the best not said when we say this is poetry. This is truth. No hint of fiction unburdens these blessed words of their weight of glory. The Christ said it. It is so. We are mother, sister, brother to Jesus the Savior of the world. We are no longer aliens, but sons of God.

Prayer is our conversation with this Heavenly Father and Heavenly Brother. We must needs have a word with God and from Him. We need the face and we want the voice, and we fairly clamor for the

guidance without which our way is lost. We must pray. We are so fashioned as to be of necessity praying folk. If our hearts are let run, they will run toward God, and if our lips are set to their deepest nature they will have folded hands and the swift words of prayer. "Let us pray" is the very hush of souls and the very height of souls. Except we pray we can not live the holy life, and wisely understood, we can not live life at all without it. We lift up the face and the heart toward the Holy One of Israel; and, when we do, the wonder infinite is that we find the Infinite leaning toward us and listening. Thanks be to God that this is so.

The devout are experts in prayer; and all may be devout and should be. We must pray much to keep in tune with the Infinite. We must pray steadily, for prayer is like breathing. We may not attempt intermittent breathing. That is death.

"After this manner pray ye"—but pray. Having heard the Christ thus address us, and having seen Him at prayer and having been hushed with His holy intercession, we need not seek argument to prove that prayer is necessary. It is necessary, for

Jesus did it. His doing things settled things. Argument is now superfluous. He prayed. He bowed His knees to God. He opened His lips in heart-rush of need and call for heavenly guiding. There we build our fortress. Christ did no needless things. He went through no ritual. He needed God and knew that God was the needy man's necessity. A way to God—that is prayer.

Men have prayed and their sins have been forgiven. They have prayed and their burdens have been shared or lifted utterly. They have prayed and a light has shined in a dark place. They have prayed and great peace has swept over troubled souls. They have prayed and the lonely and forsaken have had company divine.

Wherefore, beloved, let us pray.

A Prayer of Adoration

LORD, we worship and bow down. We love to worship Thee. Thou art the Lifter up of our head. Thou wast wounded in hands, in side, in head, in heart for us. May Thy wounds admonish us. May they gently woo us to God. May they inspire us to worship. May we see how wholly worthy it is for immortals to worship THE IMMORTAL. May we abase ourselves that in due time God may lift us up. May we, with certain women of holy memory, wash Thy feet with penitential tears and kiss Thy feet dry with our feverish lips—those feet which climbed the Calvary Hill for us.

We feel that to worship God is not to be abased, but to be highly exalted. Put Thy kind hand on our bowed heads of worship and may we feel Thee bending over us; and, though we dare not in our sin look up, may we hear Thee say, "I have loved Thee with an everlasting love; arise, and go in peace, and sin no more," we humbly ask in Jesus' Name. Amen.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," thus we cry and introduce our supplications. Almighty holiness is so much needed and is so infinitely our need. We are in the midst of wicked men and wicked ways and wicked days. They fain would break us on their wheel. We shall be pulp who lately were women or men. We shall be broken on the wheel of wickedness, dismayed, disfigured beyond recognition by our nearest and dearest. Nothing can delay our doom. They be too mighty for us. Wickedness is armed with scythe-bearing chariots which shall, beyond peradventure, ride us down. We shall have cut veins and all our blood shall pour its libation on the ground. We shall have hacked tendons, poor ribbons of strength. Nothing can stay the ride of wickedness. Herod, evil Herod, shall slay the young Child and His mother. Who shall hinder? Herod has the power and hath hitherto used it ruthlessly.

And so we say and so we think, and so the world hath often said and widely thought. But it is not so, thanks be to

God. "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty," so the angels chorus. We have heard that triumphal choral from the lips of the redeemed in Heaven. Holiness is not an infant with strengthless arms, but is a majestic God. The God over all is holy. Majestical holiness is Potentate. He whose name is Wonderful is Prince. The Lamb of God is mightier than all the raging beasts of prey. "The devil goeth about as a roaring lion;" but "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world" shall be his undoing.

We worship the Lord. We take our satisfaction in Him. Holiness is Master of this universe. Hell is not the goal of creation. Heaven is the goal of souls. Glory be to God our Savior for such ratification of our hopes and prayers and needs. God's hills are crowded with an innumerable company, all clad in white. The holy God will be lonesome except He have companionship of holy folks. Jerusalem will be a crowded city, and only the righteous come to that fair capital.

Lord, we want to be holy as Thou art. Help us daily, hourly, aye, and momently. We need "Thy presence every passing

hour. Who but Thyself can foil the tempter's power?" We want to be clothed in white while we are denizens of earth. We crave those garments earth has been incompetent to soil. We want souls made white in the blood of the Lamb and kept white by the blood of the Lamb, though we walk, pilgrims, on a foul highway and know the fierce contagion of the sooty crowd.

Holy, Lord God Omnipotent, command the ways of this world that they be ways of holiness. Cripple wickedness and make the thews of righteousness to be those of giants which know not any defeat. The righteous God has this world in His dominion. Help us to keep that in our remembrance. Keep us from the infidelity which fears evil shall triumph in the end. Righteousness shall reign. Thanks be to God, Holy and Mighty.

We worship and bow down and know ourselves sinners in Thy sight; but we aspire to hope that we shall be Thy friends here and forever. Thy friends because we try to grow the white flower of a blameless life in Christ. Amen.

For Daylight in the Inmost Soul

LORD, art not Thou the Great Mystic? Have we not caught our mysticism of God? Is He not evermore looking behind the present to discover its secret and behind the face to get a full view of the heart? Art not Thou who art our Maker the rarest Dreamer of dreams? We feel it so of Thee, Everlasting Father. We feel that Thou art in every high sense our Father who art in Heaven.

We believe that we are intended for the spiritual beyond the physical, that the mystery of us is to control our visible goings and comings. The inner light when wisely comprehended has claims upon our spirits. Thou Light which lightest every man that cometh into the world, shine in our hearts. Make daylight in our inmost souls. May we learn by that Light to walk no more in darkness, but in the broad daylight of the Father of Lights with whom is no "variableness, neither shadow of turning." We pray in the name of The Light of the world, even Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Call to the Holy Spirit

BLESSED Holy Spirit, we thank Thee for Thy light on the hills. Daylight is come to us when Thou art come. We need not walk in darkness any more. The Holy Ghost is come to bring the high truths of Christ to our remembrance. The Light is here: we may no longer walk in darkness. We must not. Thou knowest how our candle burns so dimly and fails before the wild winds' blowing. Give us Thy steady light of the stars. May it shine all night long from evening to morning, and give way only to the sun. Make it light on our path that we stumble not. Make it light on our work-bench so that we do not fumble our task. Make it light on God's Book so that we may miss no syllable of the holy reading. Make it light in our prayer-room so that when we look we may clearly see God's face, and be greatly helped. Make it light in our house of prayer so that we shall omit no note in the choral of a redeemed gladness. Make it light in our home so we shall see the sudden tear and kiss it away from the cheek, and the lines

of care on the face and smooth them out with a loving hand. Make it light in the house of death so we shall have plenty of light to see by that we do not stumble, but, without a misstep, go straight toward the leaning face and get the waiting kiss from Him. Amen.

That We May Be Allured of God

HEAVENLY Helper, we pray that God may allure us to-day in every little thing we do and in every little matter of our lives. May our needs, our cares, our plans be no more than the fine dust that blows through closed windows in the days of Springtime, compared with what it is to walk into the presence of the Christ and hear His voice and feel His hand of welcome and feel His kiss upon the cheek and hear His words of comfort to the heart. We pray in the name of Christ. Amen.

For the Open Door

LORD, Thou art pushing open the door of this new year so that my feet may cross the threshold. Thus art Thou ever doing what I could not do. Thou doest the big, unimaginable things. Thy strength doth make little of efforts which would break the muscles of armies. "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind." Thou leadest the day dawn to the mountain tops. Nothing is too great for Thee.

Thou art opening the door, but I am entering the door. And in the end, which is the greater: that Thou shouldst open the door, or this, that I should enter? I know not. Thou knowest. Thou hast Thy work, I mine. Thou canst open the door with no help from me; but I can not enter and make my journey except Thou help me, and that right early and right late.

I pray Thee, my Master, enter the door Thou art opening for me and walk through all the rooms, through all the undiminished wonder of these coming days; and let me walk with Thee. So shall I be equal to all

emergencies and be sufficient for all that falleth to my lot to enjoy or carry or endure. I pray, either go with me or send me not up thither.

Grant me the cheerful heart, the singing lips, the delight in Thyself and Thy work, the steady enjoyment of people and books, and the out-of-doors and indoors, the small and great matters which walk to my door and put their hands upon the latch. Keep me in the gospel peace and practices, warm my spirit into the holiest loves and sincerest devotions, and grant to my erring heart the presence of God my Father and the guidance of the Holy Ghost, in the name of the Christ. Amen.

A Morning Prayer

MY MASTER, at the day-dawn I would lift my heart to Thee. Thou kindlest the sun. Thou usherest in the dawn. Thou art wakener of birds and babes and sleepy workingmen. This is Thy daylight. We would have spiritual vision to see Thee all this day through. In many little things may we not miss the big things. May we have light on the soul so that all the way we take this day we may walk with God. What a journey we shall have with Jesus as traveling Companion! We have read that in a certain way Jesus Himself drew near and walked with them. May He do so with us to-day.

High Christ, do Thou thus draw near and make journey with me. In Thy coming I shall have light, and to spare. Make me to sing as I work. Make me to work while I sing. May no task seem beneath me, but may all work seem inspired of God. Christ worked and sang. He sang a song and went out to die. Give me a day of toil and prayer, and a sight of eternal matters, and a vision of Him who is in-

visible and who cares for little children and grown-up folks alike. Give me the hand that grows not weary doing well, and the heart that is cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ, and the acceptable task done in the spirit of the Lord of weekdays and of Sabbaths. Amen.

Gladness That We Are Loved of Christ

BLESSED Christ, because Thou lovest us, our lives grow glad; and we sing because we must. We would not be laggard in our praise nor love nor promises nor supplying of loyalty to God our Savior. We honestly want to love Thee; for this is our logical service. May we not be belated in any good design, nor shamed from any moral or religious task. Keep us from the high crime and misdemeanor of religious inertness. Make us fervent in spirit, because there burns hot within us the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, we pray in Christ our Lord. Amen.

Thanks That the Landscape of Eternity is God's

LORD of the living host who fill the far, blest land beyond the yearning of the bitter shipwreck seas, and Lord of all such folk as stand each in his weary place to take the risks of toil or war this side the grave, we thank Thee. Thou art Lord of all. The dimmest landscape of eternity is Thine, all Thine. We do not pass out of Thy continents what time we pass to the dim, pathless fields across the flood. We are still in Thy country, O our God: Thy land and ours, Thy streams and ours, Thy sunlight and our sunlight, too, Thy Pierian springs which laugh their hurrying way down Thy long, sunlit hills and wind their singing way toward the glassy sea; Thy land this side the sea of Death and Thy land that side the sea of Death—what matters which land we are dwellers in? What matters how far we have fared or how near to starting point of our life's journey, so be we are with Thee? We laud Thee all the while we wake, and in our dreams sometimes our hearts stray out into the far lands which border on Thy

eternal Dawn. We know we are of Thee. The fine uprising of our dreams at better moments certifies the kinsmanship we have with the Almighty God.

We would feel Thy resurrection. We would take the cup of resurrection and drink it dry. We find our lips all parched and dry for want of that cool drink from Thy eternal springs. We are not moved by fancy nor led along a winsome path by fiction's leading, but we are walking, rather, on the King's highway of holiness, and the way is lit with the light which "never was on sea or land." The Light, the true Light whose name is Christ, hath glowed all across this landscape of souls.

Make resurrection seem a heavenly reasonableness to our hearts and to our heads. Bring over us the holy transcendency which comes to such as are of a meek and believing spirit. Wash us with the radiancy of our God. All Easter, our Easter, Christ's Easter, holy Easter hath come to us and come to stay in Christ. Halleluiah and amen.

Thanks For the Large Requirements of God

WE thank God that He has required so much of us. He has not dealt with us as if we were incompetent, but He has dealt with us as if we were greatly competent for greater things. The things God asks of us ennoble us: He wants us to love Him; He wants us to love the world; He wants us to plough the world's fields and dig the world's gardens; He wants us to plant seeds and cultivate their growth; He wants us to gather in harvests and thresh them; He wants us to walk, not like children of the darkness nor the night, but like children of the light and the day. We are folks that belong to the day-dawns—that is what He has told us. Our candles are lighted by the stars and the sun as well. He has asked us to go on the Highway of Holiness, and keep to it; He has assured us that we have wisdom, and that we have discretion and great powers. He has told us we were houses for God to live in.

O God, Thou art the lifter up of our heads. How can we be pusillanimous and

base when we are God's dwelling places? How dare we be foul and depraved if God wants to come in and dwell in the best room of our life?

We thank Thee for the way Thou hast talked of us, for the high things Thou hast commanded us, for the hard yoke Thou hast put on us, for the severity of the labor Thou hast given us. We are not complaining—we are giving glory to God that He thinks we can do hard things, and that we are competent for God's big business. O Lord, this morning make us to see what sort of folks we are—if we should measure up to the importunings of God's Spirit, and may everybody's life awake this morning and see how God would have it live and behave. We are God's grown-up people. We are God's artisans and plowmen. We are God's lawyers and clerks. We are God's people, set to God's large affairs. May we execute wisely and persistently, with sweet fidelity, with holy charity, and with deep humility, because we see who God is and know who we are.

O God, sweeten our breath, exalt our purpose, make divine our activities by the breath we breathe and the water we drink

and the bread we take and the vocation whereat we labor—by everything.

Thou, Great God, who girdest the soul as Thou dost gird the world by zones of stars and glories of star-sown night, gird us with God so that we shall feel, as we go into the battle with tightened girdle at our loins, that God is our strength and makes war through us. Amen.

The Shadow of the Cross

O LORD CHRIST, we are coming under the shadow of Thy cross. It is so solemn a thing to live, and it is a fearful thing to live without Christ; and so many of us have no Christ. We pray that Thou wouldst soften all our hearts and penetrate our consciences for God. May there swim into the lives of the multitude this moment this upbraiding question, "Why have I not given my life to Christ before, and must I not give it to Him now?" Make it a great, solemn holy hour that shall induce multitudes to come to Christ, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Thanks For the Divine Favor

LORD GOD, we praise Thee for Thy favor. We deserve it not. But Thou dost not do with us according to our deserts, but according to the wide intents of divine love. This attitude of God to men sets praises in our hearts and lifts praises to our lips. We love the Lord. We bless the Lord. We would serve the Lord in the beauty of holiness by way of uttering our praises for His shoreless affection and beneficent consideration.

We thank Thee for the way our feet have come. The pebbles and the thorns have made our feet to bleed; but the way has not been bitter. The way has been good. God has been our Friend. We have had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. We make no murmur. We have not been vanquished, but have been helped to valor by the power of God. Blow across our hearts, this sacred day, with Thy winds freighted with the perfumes of that Paradise of which we shall be ultimate inheritors by the grace of God in Christ. Amen.

Prayer That God Would Inundate Our Lives

O GREAT GOD, our Savior, as Thou art this morning inundating the sky and the sea and the solid ground with Thy sunshine and Thy great influx of light, we pray that Thou wilt inundate our lives with Thy presence; and our lips that were sealed and dumb and praiseless will break out into halleluiahs and songs of praises, and may we call out loud this morning and may we say, "O God, we love Thee!"

If anybody has fallen by the way, if temptation has been too much for anybody; if it has dug its cruel fingers into anybody's life; if anybody is ashamed and abased before himself and before God, let him not hesitate to look up to God, because our God is the God of feeble folk, and the people that have lost the battle and the people that have lost the sword and can't find it. O God, bless the broken folks; bless the heartsick folks; bless the desolated folks; bless the happy folks.

Bless all our children—we are so glad Thou hast given them to us. We have

sometimes forgotten they are more Thine than ours; but Thou hast given them to us, and they bear our name and they wear our looks and we love them. And we love them so much; but thank God, we do not love our little folks as much as God does. And some of us have grown-up children, and they are a long way off; some of our children are over the seas, some are in distant cities, and some of them are arduously engaged, and when they are gone we are so homesick for them. But, our God, take care of our children, that are away from us in homes of their own. O, take care of them; do n't let them get out of Thy hands. If Thou wilt put the silver of Thy wing over their heads; if Thou wilt put Thy shield over their face when the battle-spears are thick, that will defend them. Bless our children.

Bless our fathers and mothers, such of us as have them still. May we be very grateful that God has loaned them to us for so long. And those of us who have lost them, we are so homesick for them, and often in our strength of manhood and womanhood we think of them, and our hearts call out in tear-choked voices,

"Mother, father—mother, father," we want them so! We thank Thee this morning that Thou art keeping our mothers and fathers for us in heaven, and by and by we shall go to the gate and meet them, and we shall not go away from them forever; and they shall not go away from us forever.

So, Lord, bless all of us in this company. Make our hearts tender with the divine mercy. May we drink in the good this morning, like the thirsty ground does the gentle dew at nightfall, and forbid that anybody, and especially a stranger—forbid that anybody shall go away from this house without the blessing of God; and make our hearts helpful and hopeful, and keep us walking straight up to the gates of the City of God. We would pray in the name of the Christ. Amen.

Praise to the Lord of Harvests

BLESSED Lord of Harvest, we bring Thee our oblation. Thou makest the fields to be fertile. Thou changest flower to fruit and blade to ear. It is all Thy miracle. We had starved but that Thou gavest us our daily bread.

May we not be ingrates. Save us, we humbly pray, from that exceeding great vice. We would not take Thy planting and plenty and withhold our love and service from the Great Sower.

We are not as we ought to be, but are manfully pressing on to better things. Be strangely and strongly with us as we make this venture of faith and love and life. Command Thy help upon our meager hearts to the end that they grow spacious in some regard, at least, like Thine. May we be Thy rich harvests. May we bear much fruit. May we be amongst such as produce an hundred-fold, we pray in Christ our King. Amen.

An Evening Prayer

LORD GOD, as I gave Thee thanks for the morning, so now, when the morning is faded out and the noonlight is no more, I give Thee thanks for the evening.

Thou hast heard my prayer; that is festival for gratitude. Thou hast led me all the day. I have had Thy peace: I have known Thy company: Thy face has been my minstrelsy, and I have needed no other lute nor song. My hands are tired, my eyes are blinded; but it was so good to be needed and to have work to do and to have God deem my hands worthy to do His task. My head aches, but the quiet pillow awaits and the dusk is coming on. My feet are very tired, but they walked on errands of mercy and were so glad of the chance. But tired hands and aching head and weary feet, sunset is here and dusk and the night.

The ~~whip-poor-will~~ ~~is~~ calling from the woods upon the hill. The crickets chir. The fire-flies flash their lanterns everywhere. The murk of the night is filling all the sky. "Twilight and evening star," and "the

peace of God that passeth all understanding," and the gentle voice of the gentle Christ, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." Lord, hold my hands what time I make my prayer to Thee and wait a blessed moment for Thy kiss. Amen.

Lord, To Be Like the Blossoming of Flowers

LORD, may our love to God, even Jesus Christ, be like the budding of trees and the blossoming of flowers and such things as bear fruit hereafter.

May our God take us in His tender arms this morning, and hold us up against His tender heart and soothe our sorrows as our mothers used to do with tender kisses, and may everybody in this company say in his heart, "I came to God's house and found in His house my Father and my Savior Christ."

And so may we all have balm and benediction and surcease of sorrow to the larger hopefulness and helpfulness of sorrow, we pray in the name of Christ. Amen.

The God of All Work

LORD, we bless Thee that Thou art God of week days and Sabbath. Thou Thyself dost work and art lover of all such as do honest work. Bless such as pass temptation on their road to and from places of work. Bless men and women who have temptations in themselves and out of themselves; and all men have touches of weaknesses on them. O God, bless all us workingmen, and may all of us keep our hands and our hearts clean. And may all men remember there are not two standards of ethics with God, one for women and one for men; but one standard of ethics, that God demands good behavior of men and women alike.

God bless the young men and women. God bless people who do n't know where work is to come from to-morrow. God bless all people who are newly come to town. God bless people who are here beginning life's struggles. Keep them from being discouraged. Keep them with the high heart and the bounding pulse. O God, keep young men and women against the to-morrow, and make it clear that nobody

has a right to fail in watching or fail in interest or fail in hoping against the to-morrow for himself or others. God bless all young men and women here in our city. Bless anybody who is specially burdened. There is always some sorrow in any house; there are always some people who have bigger battles on their hands than they think anybody ever had; but, anyhow, O God of battle, give the battle to them. May serving God not seem a duty, but may it seem only a glorious opportunity to have the chance while in the earth to talk about Him and love Him and think about Him who died for us. Bless all of us therefore. Give us a good and gracious week. Bless us with high courage and noble enterprise, and bring us all after a while to God, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Thanksgiving That We Have Kept God

O THOU who art the Son of God, in the midst of personal bereavements, in the midst of national calamities, in the midst of urban disasters, in the midst of the accumulation of business catastrophes, we thank Thee for Thy mercy. We thank Thee that we have not lost much, though we have lost all, if we have kept God. He is so gracious, He is so tender, He is so true, He is so merciful, He is so perfect, He is so glorious. We have Him this morning, so our tune is "Mercy."

God of every goodness, and God of every sunrise, and God of every springtime, bless us this morning with the prayerful heart. Bless the loves of our life if they be loves of God. Bless us all with the outlook of the sympathetic heart and the tender consideration for the woes and weals of others; and grant, we pray Thee, O Lord, that our journey here may be gladsome in the midst of tears and that our tears may be gently wiped away by the hand of God, and that the song we have sung here a little to the

tune of "Promise" we may sing afresh in the land of God forever, with great volume of praise and rejoicing, we pray in the name of the Christ. Amen.

A Prayer of Resurrection

LORD GOD of this holy Easter day, we bring Thee praise because of what Thou art and what Thou didst. Thou art the Lord of Resurrection. Thou art the Life eternal. To all of us who have the humble and the contrite heart, and the yearning and the eager heart, and the heart of prayer with faith, Thou canst give the life of God within ourselves. "This is life that they may know Thee, the only true God," is what Jesus said. We would ask to know God this day. Make it our birthday in holy things. May Easter come to us indeed. May our former life slip away to come to us no more; and may we live a life unto God from henceforth even for evermore, we ask in the name of the Risen Christ. Amen.

Praise For the Love That Never Sleeps

LORD, Thou knowest that we would be grateful to Thee, and indeed we think that gratitude should fill our hearts and be an amazing passion in our souls if only we could really see the providence of God, if only we really knew what God is doing for us every day, every minute, if we only really knew how much He loves us, how that His life is not more a glory to Him and a glory to the eternal ages than it is an expression of His love that never sleeps nor wakes, but shines on us like the sunlight forever and forever. We are in Thy providence to-night.

We are grateful for the Sabbath night. Some of us can not come to the house of God on Sunday morning, and so we are here Sunday night; some of us do n't care to come to the house of God Sunday morning, and so we are here Sunday night. Some of us are so tired on Sunday mornings that we think we can not come then, and so we come Sunday night. O God, we thank Thee we have been given two chances on every Sabbath for the hearing of Thy

word, for the listening to the songs that the congregation sings; for the listening to the music that the choir makes; for the hearing of the word of prayer; for the walking of folks, men and women, out toward God. Sunday nights! In this company there may be some one who will find his way to the heart of Christ. Let him know that the heart of Christ is always the open door, never barred, never even shut; it is not even a thing to be pressed upon by a touch of the finger; it does n't even take the pressure of a baby's hand upon it, but it is forever and forever wide open, and says to every passer-by, "Come in, come in, come in." And if there is anybody here to-night who has not received the invitation, or at least has not hearkened to it, or opened not his heart, O God, with Thine open door invite him in to-night. If men are burdened with their sins and women are burdened with their sins, O let them come into the cleansing heart of God to-night. If people are overcrowded with their trouble, let them come up into the quiet and the calm of the heart of God to-night. If people are in deep waters, O let them come up into the heart of God to-night. If people are

troubled with scholastic troubles and difficulties, let them come up into the heart of God to-night, for the heart of God is the cure-all for our doubts and unfaiths and for our sinnings and for our staggerings and for our lusts and for our cares.

O blessed heart of God, we come unto Thee to-night. Bless us with the Holy Ghost and with power, and grant, O Lord, that this company that has come out of the Springtime of God, redolent with the Springtime breath, from out under the light of the Springtime stars, out from under the green trees, fresh with the wonder of fresh Spring, grant that we shall have come into Springtime, into singing and into rejoicing, into hope and into praise and into great virility of service; and let not anybody, O Christ of the empty cross and the empty grave, let not anybody go out of this house to-night unjustified. We pray for Christ's sake. Amen.

Lord, We Press Our Faces Against the Window Panes

LORD, we press our faces against the window panes of life like little children looking for their father's coming home.

We are Thy children looking for Thee. We shall not be disappointed. We shall see Thee coming toward us with a smile.

This is Thy day of mercy and of power. Thou wilt hear our prayer. Thou wilt forgive our sins. Thou wilt give to our leaning hearts the kiss of peace. Thou wilt bind up the broken-hearted. Thou wilt set the vagrant feet upon the road that leads straight back to God. Thou wilt prove very pitiful, even as a father pitieth his own son that serveth him.

With such high confidence we look for Thee. How holy the day, how deep the calm when we are anticipative of such meeting! We shall meet our Father and spend all day at home, upon His breast.

For which we render thanks in Jesus' name. Amen.

Keep Us, O Lord

O CHRIST, it is Winter to-night, and the ways are slippery and full of danger, and we are crowded round about by snow and ice and by the bitter cold; but, O thank God, we have deathless Summer within; and some morn or some night we shall open our eyes, and lo, we shall see the King in His beauty!

Keep any of us from being wicked: keep any of us from being faithless: keep any of us from being foolish with regard to divine things: keep any of us from failing to take of the broken body and the shed blood of the Son of God: keep any of us from starving because we feed on husks when we might have the heavenly bread: keep all of us to-night, O Lord, in the shelter of this house of prayer, so glad, so full of song, so full of prayer—keep all of us from going out and off into the darkness.

Keep every woman to righteousness, keep every man to righteousness, keep all of us listening for the tramp and the forward march of God; and by and by fetch all of us on through the gate into

the city, to dwell with Christ forever and forever. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Praise For the Thoroughfare

LORD CHRIST, how good is life since Thou wast here! What vistas open before us all! Thou didst stand in the door of Thy carpenter shop. Thou lookedst out and didst see a road from the shop straight up to Heaven. For that glorious vision we bring Thee our oblation of praise. Our place of work is on the main road to Heaven. Halleluiah! We live on no side street. We are on God's main thoroughfare, Heaven just beyond and up; and life—all life, radiant life—is on, just a little on and up, our street! We are always facing Heaven. We need not to turn us about to go to meet our Heavenly Father. He is on the road His redeemed have taken—on the road of human toil and prayer, promise and purpose. Thanks be to God for the working road on which we working folks are certain to meet our working God. Amen.

Thanks That Our Need Drives Us to God

O LORD, we bless Thee that we believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son. We remember to have read in the sayings of Christ, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." And from our hearts we would. We believe in the Fatherhood of God and we believe in the Sonship of Jesus Christ. We believe with our heads and with our hearts. We believe it with the longings of our spirits and the devoutnesses of our inmost, holiest life. From our need and from our experience, we believe that God is our Father, that He loves us, that He is thinking about us all the while, that He wants the best out of us and for us, that His voice is kind, that His leadings are gentle, that His paths are peace, that He has the upward road that leadeth to eternal rest, that He wants us to behave not better but the best, that sometimes He speaks to us in a voice of chiding; but it is so that He shall catch our ear, that we shall mend our ways, that we shall render the world service. We have

no reason in our hearts to doubt the gentleness of God, His kindness, the sweetness of His mandates.

O God, the Father, bless us this morning. O God, *our* Father, bless us this morning. There are people in this company who need a sense of the Fatherhood of God. They do not need simply the intellectual belief in it, but they need the profound heart comfort of it—that God lives forever, that God has care towards them, that God's hand is over them, that the sun shall not smite too hot and that the storm shall not beat too hard and that in desolation they shall be glad.

O God, our Father, bless all mourners to-day whose tears are fresh started from the fountains of their grief, who are this morning wading in shadows like those who walk in clouds that drip rain across their path. Let them not lose sight of this, that God will be with them in the rain of their tears, in the brokenness of their heart. It is a calamity unspeakable to lose sight of the Fatherhood of God. God is not lashing us, but is leading us. God is not hacking us with swords, but binding up our wounds. And God is not desolating our hearts, but

is planting our hearts with summer beauty and with eternal delight. O God, our Father, when we can not lead ourselves, take Thou our hands and lead us when we can not see for ourselves, until our tears shall abate for a little, and out of our broken hearts and through our tears and anguish we shall still say, "Our Father who art in heaven." We ask in Christ, Thy Son, Amen

Thanks That God's Providence Abides

LORD, we would be devout in our life, and we would likewise be passionate in our devotions. Thou art so much to us—more than we can ever tell; and, besides that, so much more to us than we can ever guess. The providence of God is caring for us exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. We thank Thee that Thou hast exceeded all our dreams about Thee. We thank Thee that Thou hast out-journeyed all our knowledge about Thee; that Thou art better than we

thought, truer than we thought, mightier than we thought. Thou art the Infinite God, and this morning with radiant hearts we come to God to lavish our praises on Him who is so worthy of them, and to pray that He would take us up in His kind hands and help us up to where we can get a better sight of truth. Give us, we pray Thee, finer thoughts, cleaner thoughts; give us white hearts, give us tender virtues, give us a steadfast hold on the principles of rigid behavior such as shall please God; and may we be children in our hearts, but not children in our experience.

And may it be God's holy ministry to everybody's heart in this house at this hour to make heavenly things apparent and to make earthly things seem to be of not so high value as heavenly matters, not to depress our stock-taking in this world, but to enhance our stock-taking in the world to come; and may we have such love to God and men as is befitting people who are to live with God and with man forever.

This our prayer unto Thee in the Holy Name of Christ. Amen.

Thanks That God, As a Father, Takes Us by the Hand

O LORD, our Father, we bless Thee heartily for this beautiful springtime day. Indeed, we could not have it in our hearts not to bless Thee for every day. Any day is good enough for us, and indeed every day is too good for us. But Thou hast given us this beautiful day—the smile of God it is, O Thou kindly Father. We thank Thee. Thou dost concern Thyself so much to bring laughter to us.

Thou art like the father that takes his little child by the hand in the springtime morning and leads her out where the lilacs are blooming, and where the dandelions are in flower, and where the beautiful blue sky violets cluster in the shadows: Thou art like the father who leads the little child out by the waters of the lake where the waves crisp up against the shining sand; and the father takes the child because it is gladness to the child; and he says, "Sweetheart, this is the violet flower and this is the dandelion flower and this is the lilac flower and this is the crisping wave of God's

beautiful lake." And the child looks up in the father's face and says, "O papa, it is a beautiful world!" And God does so to us —takes us out to bring the summer to our hearts and to our lives, and shows us the beautiful wide blue sky, with nothing between Heaven and us—not a film of a cloud; takes us out in the morning and says, "I brought you to see it," and shows us the smiling world.

O Lord, we would smile up into Thy face this morning. Have we been moved to weep? Let us forget that now for awhile. If we had a scowl on our faces, let us forget it; it is not comely; if we have had hardships that sometimes make our souls bitter, O Christ, our Father, this morning, forbid these things, with their inclemency, to come across our lives, and may we be glad to-day it is Thy springtime; and Thou art here and we are in the springtime with Thee. We are glad for Thy mercies, more numerous than the flowers that dapple the fields to-day. For Thy mercies which outnumber the waves of the great sea, we bless Thee. We are so glad Thou carest for us; we are so glad that Thou hast our names committed to memory; that when we are sad,

Thou art concerned, and when we are glad Thou art filled with delight. We would pray this morning, and every morning, that we may live to bring to Thee the oblation of a better life. Amen.

For the Voice That Is Calling Us

LORD, the night is on us, and it hath no star. Blackness hath solemn sovereignty. We can not get on. If we run we fall, and if we walk we fall—in all, we fail. We shall stand still and wait: yet a Voice is calling and we can not wait.

We must be running on: we must feel our way with hands and feet. The night fairly stifles us. The darkness winds cords about our ankles so we walk in meshes and are tripped up. The distances of the sky are all drowned in this pathetic darkness. Yet the Voice is calling, and we must not linger! We must up and on. Bruised and bleeding, though we can not see the road we must forward. But we can not. We shall move in circles if we

move at all. We are in a strange, unsympathetical world. We are as submerged men who walked the strand and are encompassed suddenly by the sea waves' rush and crush and call. The mists and the unabating blackness push us back; but the Voice calls us forward! We are in sorry straits. The waters are gone over us. We are as those who walk they know not where and their feet are caught in the slime pits to be holden fast. The dark, the wearying dark, will be our sure undoing and our death. Alas, O Lord, Thou seest. We can not take one forward step, and yet, and YET the Voice calls us. It is the Voice of God which called the light out of darkness; and lo, we have, by the Voice, light enough to walk by toward the Voice. A little light and the Voice, and we rest content. We shall make our journey and come to God, for which halleluiah and Amen.

To Be Susceptible to the Finer Moods

LORD, we would be susceptible to the finer moods of praise and profit in the presence of God. We would love to be assured that Thy finer gifts might not slip through our fingers unobserved. We pray this morning, therefore, for the gift of seeing all that Thou doest. May we miss nothing at all. May no physical mercy from Thy heart escape us. May no metaphysical mercy from Thy plans for us escape us. May no beauty of the outdoors or indoors escape us. May nothing pass our way, laden with the mercy of God and we not watch it and recognize it, and delight in it and bless God for it.

We bless Thee that this morning once again we have the Sabbath round about us. We bless Thee from our hearts for the Sabbath prayer and the Sabbath peace and the beautiful atmosphere of its worship. We thank Thee for the abundance of blue Springtime sky and the warm, soft south winds. The touch of the dandelions is on the greenery of the grass and the smell of the fragrance of the growing things and

the budding trees is in the wind. We thank Thee, Lord God of the seasons, that Thou hast thought such beautiful things out for us, that Thou hast planned this kaleidoscope we call the year; that the earth in its journey goes to make the year one cycle of perpetual delight. Keep us, we pray Thee, from that sullen understanding that does not see the grace of the passing day. Keep us, we pray Thee, from that moral obtuseness that only sees on the surface. O Christ, Thou Lover of the little children, Thou Carer for the sparrows when they fall, and Thou Digger of their graves so that they do not go down uncared for in their death, help Thou us.

Thou observing, blessed Christ, help Thou us, that we see the world Thou hast made and that we enjoy it something after Thy beautiful fashion. And may nothing Christ has been striving to do seem to us to be unclean or common. Let every new thought be a revelation. Keep our hearts open to the blessings of the May days and the June days and the July days. Let us laugh out loud in our hearts because of the wonder of the where Thou hast put us and the wonder of who we are and the wonder of who Thou

art and that Thou art in us, and that Thou hast made Spring for our delight, and may our minds ever be open and outstretched and widespread before Thee like the earth this morning before the uplift of the sun. Great glorious Sun, shine all across our life and make it May day and make the blooming of the flowers to our spirits a joy in Christ. Amen.

That God May Compassionate Our Lives

LORD, Thou hast had mercy on our weakness. We have been very wicked, we can not deny that. We do not dare. We are dealing with the God of the open eyes, and therefore must deal with Him with the open heart. Thou hast no need to be told about our hearts. Thou knowest them. They have been wicked, very wicked. The best of us are ashamed of ourselves, only the worst of us are not ashamed of ourselves at all. O God, give us the mercy of the shamed heart this morning. And grant us to be

ashamed of our past, and then maybe we shall have higher perfection and a better future. Our wickedness is our blight and our shame and our undoing. We have not lived the highest, we have not pursued the best; we have gone after the butterflies instead of trying to fly with the eagles; we have learned the lesson of the snail rather than the lesson of the high mountain, climbing into the skies. O God, have mercy on us. Compass us about this morning with Thine arms, we pray Thee. Whisper to us with Thy gentle voice, we pray Thee. We have heard Thy whisper before. Put Thy hands on us so tenderly. Oh, infinite mercy of the Infinite God, compass our infirmities, compass our weakness, compass our doubtings. Deluge us with Thy daylight. Give us Thy dawns for the birth of the soul. Give us Thy noons for the Winter of the heart. Get us a long way on the road to Heaven to-day; and grant, we pray Thee, that the mercy of God may be our invitation and our delight. We pray in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

We Are Not Competent Without God

LORD, we feel that our own strength has not been equal to the strain we have put upon it; we have not been in our own might big enough to live as we ought. Every day, every week, every year but adds to our experience of our own insufficiency. We have thought with life so strong upon us that we should be able to manage our own affairs and guide our own life and lift up standards for the following of our own feet. We have thought to fight our own fight right manfully and prevail; but our experiences have rectified this conclusion. We have found out that we have had to have the big God help us. Though our life is mighty, God is so much larger. We are not competent without Him. And though God is great, He is not so great but that He wants to take a hand in our affairs. So blessed, blessed God, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, we come to Thee. We would lavish our praise on Thee forever for Thy goodness. Thou knowest how much we need Thee and love Thee. Thou knowest how Thou art our light in darkness. Thou knowest how Thou art sun to the heart.

We pray Thee, O great God, that Thou wouldst participate in our fight. Make our life good; make our life kindly; make our life serviceable; make our life charitable; make our life full of poetry and full of music; make our life so that where we be it shall be like an oasis because we are come. May everything gracious grow when we arrive.

We pray Thy special help to-night. The preacher will try to preach and will not be competent for this great task, but if Thou wilt remember it is Thy gospel, and that he dares not to speak without Thee, and let Thy voice vibrate through his voice, maybe somebody shall be weaned away from sin to God. Let none of us forget that we must stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Let none of us forget that it is a high thing to live. Let none of us forget that it is a divine privilege to live. Let none of us forget that without God we can not live and without God we can not die. We pray our prayer in the name of Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

The Tryst With God

WE COME, our God, to have our tryst with Thee this morning, simply because we love Thee. We are not here to pray because it is the day for prayer, but here to pray because it is always the time for prayer for those who love the Christ. We are so glad for this another chance of kneeling before God and seeing that God is bigger than we are, and He is mightier than we are, and that His might and His bigness both lend themselves to the endeavor to help us. We thank Thee for Thy love, so wise and wondrous in extent, for the strength of Thy love, and the undying debt it paid. O Thou peerless Lover, open our hearts this morning and make us lovers worthy to love Thee. O God, invade our lives. That is what we need. We do not need better garmenting; we do not need better air; we do not need anything of these. We need more of God. And the one great thing life needs is the thing everybody can have just for the asking. We can not get rich for the asking; and we can not grow great for the asking; and we can not get long years for the

asking; but God, who is better than riches, aye, who is rich, and God who is better than many years, aye, who is an eternity of years—God can be had for the asking. O Thou great God, we are asking for Thee this morning. Do not miss of hearing our cries, because we fail in words. Thou God, wilt Thou lean over and listen to us? Thou art listening for us. In the preacher's voice this morning, hear the voice of those that petition Thee; and then, O God, hear the voice of those that petition Thee not. And if ever the preacher be like the priest who stands and speaks for men who will not stand and speak for themselves, hear in this preacher's voice the tones of the multitude, the tones of the mighty multitude, and take those petitionless in the preacher's petition this morning.

Bless all of us here and now. Bless the people that stay at home to care for the stuff, the people that work three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours and forty-eight minutes and forty-eight seconds every year, God, bless them! Bless all who are gone away from home, and may God fetch them all back to us. Bless the people who are sick and the people who are weary; and

they are many, very many. And give all of us the peace that passeth understanding, we pray in the name of Christ. Amen.

Thanks That God's Pathway Has Crossed Our Track

LORD GOD, we thank Thee that Thy footpath has crossed our track. We bless Thee that as we have made our journey through the years we have found the footpath of service. And it had blood-tracks on it; and when we made inquiry we found it was the footpath worn by the feet of the blessed, serving Christ. It was a great jubilant day with us when we found that worn path made by the feet of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. We thank Thee this morning that He walked along the earth, that His path led from the manger to the throne. And now since He wore the footpath He wants the whole earth to walk in it. O God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, O God Christ who died for us, let us this morning, if we never did it before, walk in Thy worn

path, so that no matter what our starting place is, the outcome of our journey may be the presence of God. We would be of service. We would like to be chaste in spirit. We would like to be chaste in thought. We would like our path to be like the incline of the prairie, that will by and by lead to the uplifts of the mountains; that our path may be a slow incline until at last it leads to the holy paths of Heaven.

O Lord God, help us to be chary of saying things we ought not, help us to be chary in doing the things we ought not do. Help us to love the best, which is to love the Christ. Help us to walk by faith and not by sight.

O Lord God, bless everybody that toils; bless everybody who weeps; bless everybody who has a light heart. Bless all the little children this morning. There are so many of them and they are very dear to us; and they are very dear to Thee. Bless all. Make all our lives useful and blessed, we pray Thee, in the name of Christ. Amen.

Lord, So Close We May Put Our Two Hands in Thine

O FATHER, Abba Father, wouldst Thou be pleased to come so close to us this morning that we could put our two hands into Thine? Sometimes our weakness oppresses us like a nightmare. We are like people that see battle in times of peace, and death in times of health: and we are bed-ridden, and somebody comes and takes our two weak, sick hands in his; and it is better than medicine. O God, Thou hast taught us in Thy sweet school to call Thee "Father." Thou hast told us Thou didst love us a good deal more than we had ever guessed. O God, our Father, come and take our two hands in Thine.

We don't know the way we ought to take, guide us; we don't know how we ought to behave, show us; we don't know where to look for the morning star; for it does not always rise in the same place, but point it out to us. Sometimes the smoke is around us, the smoke of factory or mill, and we can't quite see the stars and do not know their places. O God, show us the rift in the clouds of the world's smoke, so we

can see through to Thy tireless and deathless summer.

We are Thy folks. Thou lovest us. We are Thy little children, and Thy big boys and girls, Thy grown-up men and women, Thy old struggling, weak servants. Our ages are known to Thee, and Thou hast them all put down in Thy family Bible. O God, if there is anybody here this morning whose name is not written in God's family Bible, wouldst Thou touch his heart and incite him to go up to God and say, "Give me a right to have my name in Thy Book." If we are bankrupt in faith or love or charity or fidelity or wholesomeness or sincere and manly and womanly self-regard, if we are broken pitchers at the wheel that hold no water and can bring no thirsty lips any drink, O God, be sorry for us—help us, and grant this morning in this house to touch everybody's heart, and sweeten everybody's thought, and make tender everybody's life, and make everybody's smile winsome and turned God's way; and then, O God, turn Thy face on us and make it springtime and indeed the month of April to everybody's heart because we see Thee. Amen.

Prayer For Forgiveness For Obtuse Moral Sense

LORD, we knew not what we did. Some evil things we so deeply deplore were ignorantly done. Our moral sense was obtuse; our choral vocal organs were paralyzed. We did not have the fineness to see the things which make us weep not to have seen. Our moral dullness is our lasting shame. We can scarcely hold up the head. The remembrance of it is grievous unto us, O Lord, Thou knowest. We are humbled into deep abasement. That we can do things and feel no shame and have no blush rise to mantle the cheek with fire, is our stigma. Lord, hear our prayer and render our moral sense keen and fine. Fear overtakes us at the dawn, as at the dark, lest such dull folk as we can never rise into the glorious likeness of God. Have mercy, Lord.

We are very witless; that is our plea at His holy mount of intercession, on whose hilltop towers the cross of God. That lends us hope. He of the cross will not forsake us. He prayed, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." He will no

doubt make that prayer in our behalf. So does the cross hearten us at every turn. Whatever way we go, the cross is before our faces and our feet, and meets us more than half way with promises of pardon, aye, and peace.

Write us down in Thy record, our Lord, as ignorant. We need the school of God. We want the Head Master, the Rabbi, the Master Christ to inform our understandings. We are slow of speech, ineloquent, stammerers, but that is our least infirmity, that we are slow of understanding and of words.

We learn by littles and then forget, and must set us at the dull task of learning again. Our gross ignorance humbles us. We ought to know better. We have had a great Master, whose teaching has ever been at our behest. Our ignorance is inexcusable, and yet a blessed, blessed Christ, excuses it. So are we brought continually to our knees. Our ignorance is indescribably great, yet our neglect lies deeper than our ignorance, and so must we ever bow our knees to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He would forgive us the sin of our neglect and pass by the

sins of our ignorance. Shut Thine eyes, O Lord, and let us pass into the gates of worship and into the house of praise.

We are made of dull clay, clay ever, yet clay. Anoint our eyes that we see clearly. Lord, we dare not be proud. One look in Thy glass makes us ashamed. We care not to look again.

Wherefore, forgive our ignorance if, peradventure, like one of old, we may sob, "We did it ignorantly in unbelief." And God forgave him. We lift our shamed and tear-soaked cry, "Lord, forgive us in the name of Christ." Amen.

For the Christ, Be Praise

THOU who hast at sundry times and in divers manners spoken to men's souls, speak unto us this hour by Jesus Christ our Lord. We praise Thee for Him, our Father in Heaven. We bless Thee that His voice is sweet. We rejoice greatly that He came to show us the Father. May He do so to-day. We are hungry for the vision of the face of God.

Our hearts pant for that illustrious sunrise.

O Christ, make visible the face of our Heavenly Father. Make our services effectual to that end. We want God. Our failures, our dullness, our ineffectual dreams, our moody aspirations, our hectic activities —all make us pause and consider the need we have of daily, momently fellowship with Him towards whom our better faculties turn tear-wet faces.

Sanctify Thy house to such effects on the multitudes who come to this place to learn things of God.

Let Shekinah dwell here. May He not depart, but wait for all the days this house endures, to meet the sinner staggering beneath his sin and from his sin.

May Thy grace be apparent to-day and all the days, and may the new song of Moses and the Lamb be taught to mighty multitudes in this place where Thine honor dwelleth, we pray in Christ. Amen.

God At the Door to Welcome Us

O LORD, it would be such a pity if, when Thou didst come to Thy house at the early breaking of the morning light, nobody came to meet Thee there. What a privilege lost! What an inestimable boon gone to waste! Thou in Thy house and nobody there to meet Thee! But we thank Thee, O Lord, that this morning in this house of Thine—one of Thy houses—just one of them, thank God! —Thou hast so many, and Thou hadst never so many as this morning—but here in one of Thy houses we have come to meet Thee, a goodly company. Up from the house of comfort, some of us; up from the house of strenuous poverty, some of us; up from the house of opulent wealth, some of us; up from all sorts of houses, but up to the house of God. And it is a glorious privilege; and we thank God that wherever we live it is always down-hill to where we live and always up-hill to where Thou livest.

We thank Thee that Thou art at the door to welcome us, because Thou art our Host this morning; and a smile is on Thy

face. Thy hand is always outstretched to greet us, and Thy voice, which is music, says, "Welcome to Thy Father's house this morning, tired heart." But now we are here and we are so glad we are here, that Thou hast bidden us, that we are Thy guests, that we are Thy children.

And now that we are here, comfort all of us with an appreciation of better things. Give us to see how great it is to have a chance to love God and serve Him. We pray that Thou wouldst iron out of our lives the poor creases of pain. May life be not melodramatic with us, but splendid with service, so that we ourselves may know God has service for us. O God, qualify us to be better. May the great things call to us with voices not clamorous, but insistent, and may our hearts respond, so that He who is here to meet us, He who died for us, He who lives again for us—He may meet our hearts and in Him we may have great peace and power. Amen.

Room For All of Us at the Foot of the Cross

O CHRIST, we bless Thee that there is always room for all of us at the foot of Thy cross; there is always room for all of us in the heart of God. It is never crowded in His heart; it is never crowded about His cross; and when we think of this, then our hearts rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Plenty of room at the foot of the cross. Plenty of room at the feet of Christ. Plenty of room at the atoning blood. Plenty of room for the worst of us and the best of us.

Ah, Christ, we are grouped together on the knees of our hearts at the foot of Thy cross. We need Thee so much. We need Thy cross so sorely. We have failed and come short of the glory of God. Our hands are smirched and our faces are unclean. We have risen, and lo! the mark of the world's sordidness is on us. We need the washing of the blood of Christ; and nothing but that can cleanse us.

And there is plenty of room for everybody to kneel at the foot of the cross.

Mary Magdalene is there; and contrite Peter is there; and the dying thief is there; and the loving John is there; and the wicked Saul of Tarsus is there, and we our weak selves are there. Room for the world, thank God! room for the needy, thank God! room for the people of impoverished moral blood, thank God! room for those who are hard-hearted and faint-hearted, thank God! room for everybody.

And then the cross lifts up so high and goes into Heaven, and life comes through the cross. O great Savior of the fallen, and those who think they are moral and are not; those of the tired heart, and those whose hearts are not tired at all; O Savior of everybody, we are come to the cross. Bless us now as we kneel at the foot of the cross. May the blessed blood of the Savior sprinkle on us and make us clean. Grant, O Christ, that there shall gather many people about Thy cross who never gathered there before; and may hard hearts be hard no longer; and may we all look at the cross of God, the cross of life, the cross of Christ. Great Savior, bless us, so that no matter how much of the world we

fetched with us, we may take away nothing but the love of Christ; and at last lead us to the house on the Hill, we ask in the name of Him who is our Christ. Amen.

Christ is Ocean, Ship, and Pilot

SOMETIMES, our God and Father, we have failed to hear Thee, see Thee, feel Thee. Thou wast always near. Never since man struggled to get free from his dull mooring on the shores where the waters are shallow and yellow with the mud, never hast Thou been other than an Invitation to "launch out upon the Deep." Thou hast always been close, and Counselor of life to be a passenger outward bound. Thou art beside us. Thou art Ocean, Ship, and Pilot, even as Thou art the Door and the Way. The Door is near. The Way is ever so a first step can plant its foot on the Everlasting Highway. Thou art our Sea, far-going—farthest-going. Thou art the Invitation to the things divine. Thou art our Voice. Yea, our majestical Word. Speak close beside our heart thrilling utter-

ances which shall set all the bells in the steeples of our souls to ringing. Speak close in whispers which shall out-trumpet all the clarion of battle bugles calling war. Invite us out far upon the deep, whose shore is here but whose far port is where our Christ will gather all the troubled fleets of human souls who answer to His voice, "Launch out upon the Deep."

We take our way to and through eternity with Thee, O Christ, in jubilation and with tireless song. A song which shall not come to gloaming like the babe's call, but which shall endure for ages, like singing of the angels in the heavenly hills.

Halleluiah unto Father and Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

God Making Ready a Place For Us

THOU who livest and wast dead, we bless Thee. We believe Thou art the Resurrection and the Life, and that, gone from among us these many, many years, Thou hast been making ready a place for us, so that when we came all things might be in good readiness and in waiting like a mansion for its expected lord, long absent on a dangerous journey. Thou knowest my name long since, and has never forgotten it; even Thy hands are writ with it. Thou art making ready for me. This is too good for truth, yet also too good not to be all truth. Thou hast promised, and Thou keepest faith with the puniest of Thy children; wherefore, I take great, sure encouragement. Heaven is my home. I am tired betimes and almost spent with the stress of battle and of climbing the rugged way; but Thou dost promise a rest for the people of God, among which I humbly hope God may have counted me. The soul's everlasting rest! How high the word and topless! I shall meet Thee on a morning, and my mother,

"Loved long since and lost awhile."

How sweet the meeting! I shall be faint with the long march, and with blood spilt in the long war; but one look on Thee (for we shall see Him as He is) will refresh me more than a plunge in the fountain of life.

If I have broken faith with Thee, my Lord, forgive me. If I have been a coward when the fight was on, forget that in Thy courtesy of love. If I have shamed Thee by my dim perceptions of Thyself and Thy service, as I have, forget this also. Thou knowest that I love Thee. Be near me while I stay yet a little longer where clouds gather and the tempests storm. Be near me when I grope on the threshold of the land which is very far off. Let me walk into Heaven with Thee, and let me keep Thee before my eyes while eternity sings its endless psalm, and there I will love Thee and worship Thee for ever and ever. Amen.

Eternal Calm With God

LORD, we thank Thee that there is eternal calm with Thee. No wildness of storm is there, no fret, no fear, only hope and the radiant life unafraid of the future. We thank Thee that there is no fretfulness with God. He is not disturbed by the lesser nor the larger things we break our human hearts over, things we can not mend. We grieve us to the bone over matters that do not lie in our dominion. We bless God that He is loving the world as we can not, caring for its present and its future as we can not, understanding its past and its now and tomorrow as we can not, yet God is calm. O God, teach us, we pray Thee, something of Thy calmness. Keep us from fretfulness, keep us from the wild hurry of the world. Keep us from the fret of many feet and many cares, and little cares and large cares. O Lord, teach us, we pray Thee, how to keep our souls in patience and in peace. Not that we love life less, but rather more; not that we are not concerned in the output of human affairs, but concerned in the output more; not that we do not care how

matters go along in great moralities and divine sobrieties, but care the more; and may we remember that by how much we keep the quiet pulse, by so much we shall be able to maintain the copious thought and the useful life.

So many things disturb. The feet of wickedness are at the door; we hear them in the street. The call of many things affects our dreams and our awakenings. We are disturbed by things that ought not to disturb us at all; and we are disturbed by things which, when we look at them, seem as though if we were not disturbed by them we should be derelict in duty. O God, keep our pulse beating calmly; keep our hearts serene. We can battle better with a calm heart. We can plan large business interests better with a calm heart. O Lord, Thy gracious business it is to make us calm. We pray, therefore, that we keep the quiet pulse and the quiet heart and the serene conscience, and the hope uninvaded by despair.

O Lord, give us, we pray Thee, that reasonable outlook on the now and the future which shall make us completely competent for everything that arises. Thou

canst. Thou livest. Thou endurest. Thou art calm. Thou art the great God. In Thine hands are all the manifold unfoldings of the manifold future. Thou canst care for them. Thou canst care for us. Our children and ourselves are safe in Thy love and Thy keeping. O kind heart of the kind God, shelter all of us in Thy peace, and say to our tribulations this moment, "Peace, be still," to the end that there shall be a great calm, we pray in the name and for the sake of Christ. Amen.

Prayer For the Heavenly Bread

LORD GOD, Giver of bread, we bless Thee for the Heavenly Bread. The manna wasted, but Thy heavenly bread wastes not. There can be no famine whilst the bread of heaven endures; and we know full well it lasts forever.

We thank Thee for that Heavenly Bread whose name is Christ. We have broken our fast upon it and have been satisfied. No want is on our souls, which had famished else, when we have Christ for the soul's

satisfying. How blessed it is to know that we shall not want forever. How happy our lot who feed on better than the manna of the wilderness. How longsoever the day and how hardsoever the work, we have the Rest and the Bounty and the Bread and the Shadow of the Rock in the weariest land. Happy we and grateful we! We love the Lord who has planned this feast for us. Bread of Heaven, feed "me till I want no more."

No death, no carking care, no lack which can not be satisfied in Christ, Halleluiah unto our God. We are not worried against to-morrow. We are not browbeaten by to-day. We are just at peace. "Christ the Living Bread," for that, bless thou the Lord by night and day, O my soul. "They shall hunger no more," is written not solely of the heavenly companies robed in shining white, but is written in wide intent of all such as feed on Christ. The table has much bounty and is spread of God—and for us. We will eat and be filled, and rise up to sing and serve and gather up fragments of the Heavenly Bread wherewith to feed great multitudes. Amen.

Forgive Our Blindness

LORD CHRIST, forgive the blindness of our eyes. At noon we have groped as if it had been gray of early dawn. We have been drowsing on the highway where millions throng. We have not seen our brother man nor sister woman nor the bruised reed nigh broken by the ruthless feet. We have not seen that from every door a path is shining strange with light and leading to the throne! We have not seen! Alas, O Lord, Thou knowest. This consideration is bitter as aloes. We have not seen! Our eyes have been holden so that we have not been quick to see life's need, life's royalty, life's ecstasy, life's vistas, life's weary folk who droop and are like to die. We have not seen our Elder Brother, though He was ever at our side. We have not seen the angels which have compassed us round about with tireless deliverance. We have not seen the pillar of the cloud nor yet the pillar of the flame.

Open Thou our eyes, O Lord, our Resurrection. Thou Lord who didst touch blind eyes and they saw, not dimly, but with open vision, touch our dim eyes of soul, so

that we shall see God. Stand out before our faces like the Transfiguration. Fill our souls with Thy calm and cheer, Thy vigil and Thy might. Lord, we see Thee and are content. Amen.

Be Our Soul's Sky

OUR GOD, be our soul's sky, into which tall pine trees grow and where fly the soaring and the singing birds; where clouds float with water for the thirsty ground; where the stars cluster and the shadows fall for sleep; where walk the ruddy dawns, and where the sunsets glow—be our sky.

Be our sky, whose dawns beckon and whose spaces are invitations, and whose silences make for prayer, and where Thou makest the goings forth of the morning to sing.

Be our sky of hope of morning when it is black night—starless, void; be room for our growth and sun for making our broad daylight, so that though we run, we shall not stumble, and so that at eventide it shall be light. Amen.

Pray For Us

LORD, we worship Thee and pray that Thou wouldst press to our lips this morning the cup of salvation. May we drink it even to the dregs. If there be bitterness in it, may we not rebel against that bitterness, for who are we, related to the Almighty, that we shall not drink His cup? God took the bitter with the sweet, took the winter with the summer, the grave with the cradle. Who are we who are bound on an eternal journey, that we shall not take the strenuous times as well as the times of peace? O Lord God Almighty, endue us, Thy children, and the weakest of Thy followers, with that holy hope and that Holy Spirit and with that holy help in our interior weakness, so that every day shall win for us new victories, and shall give the output of our life new progress and new prowess.

Some people have said, "Pray for us." We do so at this opportune hour. So many people need our prayers, and we need so many people's prayers. And somehow the whole moral universe is lighted up and warmed up with the provision of prayer.

We thank God that however weak we are and soiled, that however much we love apart and however much we live apart, we know how to pray and practice and so to help God's universe.

Bless those folks who are in special straits, who feel that their burden is above their strength. God Almighty, O God all tender, set Thyself in mercy and minister to every broken heart, to every wasteful purpose, to every shamed career, to everybody that is in peril of the soul, to anybody that is staggering in the winter storms today, to everybody that is in fatal peril or does not measure up to the high demands that the great, good God has put upon him or her. Help us, O God, to be gracious, to be holy, to be sweet of temper, to be worthy in our interpretations of others, as well as in our conduct to others. And may the blessed spirit of Christ pervade all our thoughts, all our activities, and all our volitions, so that if it be midwinter and the snow covers the earth, it shall be, so far as our hearts are concerned, midsummer, and the flowers of Heaven shall blossom in our souls, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Our Times Are in Thy Hand

O LORD, we did n't think about that, that our times were in God's hands. We had thought our life was in our own hands, and we made our comings and our goings. We have misunderstood the case. O Lord, forgive us: excuse us for our folly. It is very easy to be simple, it is very hard to be wise, and we had n't understood; but our times "are in God's hands;" He loves us; He plans for us; that exhaustless affection of His is standing sentinel about our life; He throws His line of soldiers about us; He is making warfare for us; He is planning campaigns for our support. "Our times are in His hands"— O Lord, help us to leave them there; help us to do our best; help us to qualify our hearts for excellency of service; help us to get acquainted with God; help us to lift our faces to the light that maketh the whole world light with a morning that never passes to eventide. O Lord, may we fall in line with Divine Providence and be at one with Divine Grace, and may we not frustrate the grace of God; but as we hear the voice of Him that calleth us, may we turn

our faces to Him and say, "Lord, inquirest Thou after me?" and then may we leave all and follow Him. Amen.

A Christmas Oblation

WE BLESS the strong Christ for His birthday. It has brought an ever-renewed rapture to this world. When we think of that rare birth-night the whole world wakes with holy, happy laughter. "Our Christ is Born!" the angels sang and we heard them, and have caught their song.

Thou who wast once a babe and manger-born, bless all babes in heathen and in Christian lands. How glad all their lives shall be if Thou do dwell in them! Bless all those who hold babes against happy hearts. Teach them a new lullaby. Write Thou one for them, music and words.

Teach all grown folks the uses of laughter and light-heartedness, the triumphant mood of Christmas-tide, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Take a Hand in Our Business, Lord

LORD, we bless Thee and pray Thou wilt make us want to be good citizens. Make us want to be good, wholesome members of our community: make us want to make ourselves so this city shall be glad of the day we came, and shall thank God that we are participating in the city's affairs. Make us so our neighbors will like us. Make us so people who casually see us shall be drawn to us. Make us so that on the street-car or on the sidewalk or at the office, or wherever we may be, people who see us shall feel that life is a little better because we came around. Make us, we pray Thee, centers of quiet, candid, positive influence for God.

Thou canst do all this, O God. We can not do much for ourselves or with ourselves. If Thou take a hand in our business, this business of life shall become a great success. Love all of us. Be kind to all of us, as Thou hast ever been. Take care of the strange folks with us; take care of the young folks; keep them from evil. Take care of the young men, that they do not contaminate their lives. Take care of the

young women, that they be chaste as primroses in summertime. Take care of the elderly folks, that they keep the faith all their lives, and do not degenerate into mechanical things. May we retain a child-likeness of disposition, so that things which are common become pleasant, and may we enjoy them and rejoice in them, and know that we have much to do and much to bear, and that we have an honorable office. God bless us in this company. May we be men and women of God. May God help us see how much of a chance we have and help us use it. Take us all. Sprinkle our hearts, we pray Thee, with the chrism of God, and after a time bring us into the presence of the God we love, we pray Thee, for Christ's sake. Amen.

We Are Sheltered by Thy Love

HEAVENLY FATHER, we are so grateful that at the morning light our praises begin; that when we open our eyes to the light there are mercies for which gratitude is due. We thank Thee that in the day time, with its quest of labor, and in the night time, with its quest of rest, and all the hours of the day or night we are sheltered by Thy care. Thou hast provided for us the darkness for the comfort of slumber, and the darkness with the light of the gentle stars and the darkness with the dewfall. And then Thou dost bring the daylight and the radiancy of the sun; and the night is past and day is come. Thou dost bring the daylight with the lift of the sun above the horizon hill; Thou dost bring daylight, with its call to action. Thou dost bring the daylight for us to work out the eternal conditions of the immortal heart. O God, Thou art so good to us, we are not worth it nor half worth it; Thou art so full of kindness; Thou art so big with love; Thou art so gracious in generosity; and Thy two hands are so full of mercies for us. O God, it seems a pity that we have

but one heart to love Thee with; and then it seems an uttermost pity that with the one heart we have, we love Thee so little.

Therefore, we pray out of the deep needs of our deepest life, O God, qualify us to love Thee more. Minister to our hearts that they may be generous in giving. May we love God so consummately that things may come to us and appear to us and appeal to us as these things appeal to God, so that sin shall be blacker than ever; so that virtue shall be whiter than the fresh-drifted snows, so that whatever we do we shall be glad to have to do, and do so that God shall be pleased with us. O gracious Father, if but Thou help us a little to love Thee for Thy unspeakable mercies, for Thy smile of forgiveness, for Thy hand of upholding, for Thy amazing caress, for all Thou hast invited us to and helped us to do, we shall praise Thee through all eternity, in Christ. Amen.

In Heavenly Places At the Feet of God

WE BOW our knees to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. This humiliation we feel to be our exaltation. What time we bow down to God we are lifted up to very heaven. We, at His feet, are in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. We exult in God. He is our joy and our song. He is our hope, and we may not, any more, be downcast, as though we were forsaken. All Thine is ours, O Lord; we rejoice in such no uncertain riches. Thou hast brought us to this holy hour. We ourselves could not have journeyed so far. We are not apt in large thoughts nor divine intents; but Thou, by Thy Holy Spirit, dost put Thy dreams before our souls; and we gather in our arms the majestic purposes of God. We laud Thee for this blowing of the heavenly wind upon our hearts to the intent that we shall feel the wonder of everlasting life and answer to the thrill of the wide thoughts of God. Sanctify this place. Be present here ever more. Some, yea, many, very many, who once were here, are here no more, nor ever

shall be; they worshiped here, but now are in the church in heaven. We laud Thee for their memory; it is perfume sweet. Pastors who once preached here are beyond the sunset bars of paradise. We think of them this evening. We love them yet and shall see them when our morning dawns. But in this house may there be all the glad and yet sad memories of this past, preserved and honored, and the future filled with larger service than the past has known; and may this house be crowned with the glory of God, radiant as a sunset in the month of June, we ask in the name of our Master, even Christ Jesus. Amen.

Thou Canst Make the Tattered Heart Rejoice

O CHRIST, make noon on all our lives this morning, and may everybody in this house think that though he came through the pouring of the rain, he came to where there were sunbursts and the noon-light and the radiancy of the divine. There is no one here but God who knows how many hearts are torn to tatters and broken by the storm; we are scarred and frayed and broken, mere shivers of the sails they used to be in the wide, wild, laughing sea. But O Christ, if Thou be here Thou canst make the tattered heart rejoice. Bring to each and everybody here this morning not the shadow, but the singing of daylight. And bring, we pray Thee, Thy courage, Thy refreshment in grief, Thy smile in winter, Thy laughter in sorrow, Thy fountains in the midst of the wilderness, Thy oasis in the desert, Thy coronation in the heart. When we doubt we shrink back and die. May the company of people in this presence find out that though they came through the storm, they came to calm; and though they came

through the pouring of the rain, they came to the wide, blue skies of paradise, and at the summit of the sky shineth God.

Bless, O Lord, with this abundant mercy. We hardly dare ask it. It seems so impertinent to ask God for such big things. But He has given us the lavish daylight and loves us so much that He died for us and lives for us. Therefore, with eager glee, we come into His presence and we ask big things because He is the unbankruptable God—we ask the great thing because His hands are always open and never empty.

God bless us who are women. God bless us who are men. God bless us who are burdened. God bless us who are care-free. God bless us who are children. God bless those of us who are youths. God bless us to whom the to-morrow looks black. God bless us to whom the to-morrow looks wondrous bright. O Son of God, Sun of the sky, shine on us and put about us Thy everlasting arms, and we shall be comforted like a babe who stops his calling in the night because he lies upon his mother's breast and hears her voice and has great peace, we ask it in the name of Christ. Amen.

The Lord of Morning Hears Our Call

LORD of the morning, Thou dost hear us call, and Thou art glad to answer us. We thank Thee for this exceeding great mercy. We are astonished at it, but rejoice in it. We are not worth much to this world or to Thee, but Thou dost treat us as if we were of consequence. Thy courtesy makes us glad, and Thy forbearance makes us to sing aloud.

We bless Thee for the morning; its new light, its dismissal of the shadows as intruders, its revealment of the world, its touch like a kiss on the cheeks of our beloved, so that, without being wakened, they are awake, its disclosure of the way duty's path takes so we need not walk amiss.

And we bless Thee for this morning. It is Christ's Sabbath. He created it by waking from the grave of slumber on this day. This hallowed day, wherein we wipe the dust of our week journey from the face of the heart and sit in great and quiet gladness in Thy house and think of Thee and then rejoice.

We rejoice in God our Savior. We make merry in our hearts because of Him. We are elate in hope. We walk at the summons of the risen Christ.

Help us to walk henceforth in newness of life in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Make us holy folks. Forgive our sins, which we can not deny are very, very many; but Thy blood is our hope, and Thy love is our joy.

May Thy service be sweeter to our hearts this day because of this service, and may we be at its conclusion as those who have had a conference with God, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Open to Us Some Window, Lord

OUR LORD, our God, we are sorry we do not seem able to get the wonder of this day more than we do. We devoutly bless Thee that we have learned a little of its wonder, that we see a little of its glory to us now, that we catch a little of its splendor. We know that only at odd moments and elect moments do we get even a glimpse of the tremendous meaning of Easter to the earth and to our own hearts. O Lord, open to us, we pray Thee, some window whereby we may get something of a view of the wonder of Easter-time and of that Christ who, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man. Though the tomb was sealed with the Cæsar's seal, yet not man nor death nor grave could hold the King of Heaven. And He broke the bonds of death and carried captivity captive and gave gifts unto man!

O great, strong, blessed, loving Christ, we bless Thee for the revelation of divine power in our behalf Thou hast made, and we pray that we may try a little more—a little more apparently and a little more

effectually—to get Thy lesson by heart, so that we may carry it into effect every day. Make every day Easter to us; make every day reveal God to us; may every day see Him and learn that Christ rose for us; may every day see us spring forth to new vigor and new pungency of belief and hazard for God. May everybody see the world brought to a new springtime; may everybody see us more and more try to get into sympathy with God.

Bless all of us. Soften our hearts, tender our experiences; may other people's cares and broken hearts seem nearer to us, and may the hot tears that spill out on the hot cheeks of other people seem more and more to be the tears that spring out of our own eyes. Make us proficient in kindness, make us proficient in courtesy, so that where'er we go we shall speak in some way, in some weak way, it is true, but in some little way, at least, our love of Jesus Christ the Lord. We pray for Christ's sake. Amen.

Our Chief Mercy Is God

LORD of all mercies, art not Thou our chief Mercy? Not only in Thee are our riches, but Thou art our Riches and our exceeding great Reward. There is none like Thee. Our heart, our flesh, cry out for the living God. His house is our home. Here our Father which art in Heaven is always present. Here our brothers and our sisters gather. Here is the Elder Brother ever found. Here we sing those songs of Moses and the Lamb, so that we shall not be unschooled to sing what time we make our advent into Paradise. Here men and women totter, with eyes wet and dim with weeping, but tottering, find their way to His feet and on them pour repentant tears and kisses, as certain others did of old.

Thy house, O Lord, is our house also. We sanctify it in Thy name and dedicate us in it to Thy service in Thy name and for love of Thee who art our Redeemer, Lord, and Hope eternal. Accept it and us in the name of Christ. Amen.

A Prayer of Children

LORD, we thank Thee that Thou wast once a child and hast thereby sanctified childhood alway. It is so good to be a little child, to feel the thrill of the world, to have Heaven near and not remote, to feel that God is accessible and altogether our Friend.

We bless Thee that in childhood the world's springtime is evermore renewed. All life, all joy, all song. Lord, let us in large measure remain children all our lives. May God seem, as He is, very near to us; may life be full of attractiveness; may our journey be one of reiterated laughter; may our loves remain chaste and our faith remain strong. May we recall at every step we take that we are God's children. The apostle has called us "little children." May we be so blithe, so obedient, so willing to serve, so impressed with God as that all places we go we shall come face to face with our King, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Prayer For Manliness

THOU Young Man Christ, we worship Thee. We see Thy excellence and are comforted thereby. We feel our need beyond ourselves to supply. We want the Rock on which to plant our feet. The slippery places where the climbing tides make ooze have proven too slippery for our feet. We clamor for the Rock. We want God strongly; for prostrate men lift no loads nor carry any burdens. We want to take the open Road. We want to try the sturdy life. We want to bear upon our shoulders a higher sky than Atlas bore. But if our feet slip we can not hold up even a trivial sky. Set our feet firmly upon the Rock, O Christ. Thou knowest us; we be but men. We have known the man, Christ Jesus; but likewise the God, Christ Jesus. Thou art very God. Thou hast taken pains to get close to us and bid us be the might for which Thou hast created us.

Thou Hero Christ, Thou Manly Christ, Thou Father Christ, Thou Christ of noon, when battle and toil are fierce as the impassioned ocean, take our lives in Thy

strong hand and shape them into holiness and virility. Make the meaning of the incarnation of God apparent to our need by Jesus Christ. Amen.

We Are Helped of God

BLESSED be God who has purchased us with His precious blood. Blessed be His name that we may walk worthy of Him. We are not able in ourselves to do a deed so high. But we are helped of God. We thank our God that so often and so opportunely He hath come to our succor. He heard our prayer. He ran to our help. He made no delaying. His right hand hath redeemed us.

Every day will we bless Thee. Thou shalt be the theme of our praises henceforth and for evermore. In the mirk of the darkest night of direst storm Thou shalt hear us making melody to Thee. Lead us—not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for the sake of Christ our Savior. Amen.

Thou Givest the Day of the Upward Look

O CHRIST, we come into Thy presence this morning with the upward look. The week somehow drenches our spirits with the downward look. We must watch the streets as we walk on them; we must watch the houses we enter; we must watch the shuttles we throw in the weaving of our day's work. We are the creatures, in a measure, of the downward look, so that our lives tend to grope and so that our lives tend to grow one-sided. Thou givest, once every seven days, the day of the upward look, the Heavenward look. It is very blessed; it is very precious; it is engaging to the heart. O great God, deluge us this morning with Thy Spirit. Perfume the breath we breathe because Christ has passed this way and because the sound of the resurrection is in the ear, and the amaranth and the lilies are a-bloom in our souls.

O God, we thank Thee that we can look out of our doors and windows; that the east is radiant with splendor; that the sun girds the sky with its glory. We thank Thee

that when God's sun is in the east it is always sun-up; not clouded, but always fair. Then it is always fair, and the blue sky is beckoning and all things are suggestions of the upward look. O great God, we are at our window. Stand Thou at Thine, so that as we look we shall see Thee; and as soldiers sometimes on review in great carnivals of courage lift up their eyes as if to hear the trumpets and see at the windows the faces that they love, the curly-headed child or the silver-haired woman or fathers with their faces beckoning; and the soldiers' hearts are gladdened, and they march to better music than drum and fife. Even so, our God, stand at Thy window and listen as we lift our voices and our hearts. Smile on us, and the day shall be filled with gladness. Smile on us, and the lips shall grasp their song. Smile on us, and the hearts shall cease funereal measures. Smile on us, and the hopes that lay withered through the heat of summer's long, dusty months, shall all at once feel Thy smile, and the leaves shall open, and the hearts shall blossom out to the glory of God and the hope of the world.

O God, this morning if there is anybody

here who has practiced the downward look, give him the upward glance. Teach his eyes to look and see God. If anybody misses seeing God, his life is lost; If God has caught sight of us and we have caught sight of Him, there are halleluiahs and rejoicings unending.

Great God, turn the faces of the world Thy way to-day. May all peoples feel that there is a face looking for them, and may they run to their windows and pull their blinds and look out and up and see Thee, and guess at the majesty of life and the meaning of service, so that life shall not be any more a drudgery and disdained as ordinary service; but the ordinary thing they do shall be like a flood of sweet minstrelsy and the discoursing of sweet melodies.

Bless our children and our fathers and our mothers and our grand-parents, if we have them left. Bless all those around whom we would put our loving arms and on whose lips we would plant a kiss. Bless all those of us who have loved ones gone a long way off, and who will not come back to us again, and this morning crepe is hanging on the doorknob of our hearts.

Instead of the crepe, hand Thou the violet blossoms and the lily flowers; and instead of tears, grant us largely of holy love in the heart, so that out of our service we may grow qualified in our hearts to do Thy will and be Thy people. We make our prayer in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Wheresoever Thou Goest, Daylight Is Come

LORD, we thank Thee that Thou art the Light of the World; that Thou canst eliminate the darkest places of the darkest hearts; that wheresoever Thou goest daylight is come. We pray that we may love the daylight. May our lives be of such a sort as that we dare to stand out under the noon-light. Keep us, we pray Thee, from the base life that loves the darkness more than light. Keep us from shame. Keep us at the industries that bear daylight and are glad for the daylight. Great God, we pray Thee for the white life, for the clean hand, for the clean heart, for the pure thought, for the life out of which shall come purity, pure words, pure deeds, noble thinkings, noble achievings. Give us, O God, the desire to walk worthy of Him whose shadow even is a light, whose person banishes night forever. Let us get over to Christ.

There never was a base deed done that Christ inspired. There never was an unjust word spoken that Christ inspired. We thank God that Christ makes for a white

heart and Christ makes it easy for us if we love Him and trust Him and fear Him. He shows that tender pity toward us in that He has given us the daylight. O God, get us in love with Thee, therefore, so that our lives may pass muster. We might argue that our life is mighty; we might be able to mislead the multitude; but Thou, Great God of the eternal dawns and of the starless noon, teach us that anybody's life can have the sight of God and that hereafter we must all reckon with Him.

May we bear more love to Him and rejoice in that which is clean and holy. May pure thoughts be our delight; may pure books be our reading; may pure companions be our associates; may we walk in literature and history; may we walk in the streets of the city and the land of God. Help us that we get purity, so that wherever we may be, we forget not cleanness. Our God, help all men to be just men, help all women to be just women, as they ought to be, seeing they are sons and daughters of God. Help all of us to remember that everything we think and everything we say ought to be done carefully, so that none of us will have to blush for what we said or did. And be-

cause we need Thee so much and because life without Thee is not inviting, fill us with Thy invasion to-night, and grant us Thy providence, and give us the leadings of Thy Holy Spirit, so that some people here to-night may fall in with Christ, never to fall out with Him while life is or eternity endures. We pray for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

God Trying to Talk to Us

AND is it true, O Lord, that Thou art trying to talk to us, and we are not much inclined to listen to Thee? The saying seems so preposterous, so totally out of relation to rightness, not to say righteousness, that when we name it, we deny it. And yet, O Lord, when we think it over we must acknowledge that it is true, that God wants to talk to us more than we want to talk to Him. We are shamed by this perfidy of our lives. We can not account for it. The bias in us toward evil seems to override us so. God, the King of earth and the King of souls and

the King of eternity, wanting to talk to us, and we so busy or so indolent or so frivolous or so foolish or so wicked, we do n't want to talk to Him! O Lord, shame this from our hearts this morning. Let the statement of our case be not only our own condemnation but may it lead to our reformation.

May we this morning take up life's glad business afresh. Let us begin our Lord's Day with talking to God. It is so sweet to talk to Him: it is so quieting to the tangled lines of care that run through and through our lives, so quieting to the tingling nerves, so restful to the deepest heart. It makes such smooth-sailing on wicked waters. It makes such good work when work is hard. It takes the tiredness out of the shoulders and the feet and the breast.

O God, let us all learn the sweetness of talking to Thee, the rightness of talking to Thee, the deep gladness of talking to Thee. Let us learn that, like as the bough that springs back when the bird flies from it, so should our lives spring back to God. Help us, Lord. Amen.

Thy Goodness Hath Been Our Pasture

LORD, it seems a pity to say, as we give it heed, that we men and women do not know the right words wherewith to accost the Son of God. We are so little at our largest that we do not get the right thoughts nor the right speech to fit our unspeakable debt to God. Thy tenderness hath made us great; Thy goodness hath been our pasture; Thy kindness hath been our solace; Thy sufferance hath been our life. Thou hast not grown angry with us nor yet tired of us; Thou hast sustained us when we were not worth holding up; Thou hast pastured us when we made no right use of the green fields and the quiet waters. Thou hast been doing for us all our lives. Thou hast given us a place to work and hands to work with; Thou hast given us the divine serviceableness of divine love. We have felt that God has been overseeing us. We have had a sense that the cloud has been bringing rain upon our dry fields. We have had the sense, when we have given it any thought at all, that God was immensely concerned in us. We have had the

stars above us at the night and the sun in the day. We have had the grace of books and lovers and helpers not a few. We have had History for a schoolmaster, and Poetry for a preceptor. We have had Thy Book for a lamp to the feet, so that the feet need not wander and so that at midnight it may be light.

O God, we are not sufficient to express our gratefulness for such masterful ministrations to our hearts. We are not worth it. Sometimes Thou must think Thyself thrown away upon us. But, O great God of the morning light, great God of the light in the valley of death, great God of the resurrection bugles and the resurrection morning, O great God of the high cross on the rugged hill, we come this morning and pray Thee give us the elixir of life, so that out of our life there may spring up resolution that hath no despair, and may we this morning not grope toward Christ, but run to Him wildly, like a lost child does to his mother. For Christ's sake. Amen.

In God's House We Are Not Shut Out, But In

WE ARE so grateful, our Father in Heaven and on earth, that, though we be gathered from many houses and though we are come from many quarters of the world, that when we are in Thy house we are all one family, as it were, born under the same roof. There is a wonderful solace in the thought that the love of God makes us one. We are so dissevered one from the other in business, in viewpoints, in relations to incidents and men, that our love is divided and redivided and redivided again until we seem so shut off, consequently so alone; and the husband does n't understand the wife, and the wife does n't understand the husband; and the parents can not understand the children, and the children can not understand the parents. We are so shut up and so shut out and so away from everybody and everything. Life seems as solitary as a star, the first that is lit in the evening sky.

And then, great Father of us all, when we come into Thy house, we are not shut out, but shut in; we are not separate from other

people, but are with other people; and we have one heart, one love, one Lord, therefore one hope, therefore one anguish to get at God, and one rejoicing in the one that has got at God. And we are all at home and all so glad. And here we are this morning under Thy roof, roofed in of Thy love, shut in of Thy mercy, shut away from the inclement world with the inclement winds and waves, shut in with God in the amazing comfort and the surpassing peace of men and women who have learned to put their trust in Him. O God of all of us, God of the little and the weak, God of the healthy and the strong who never grow weak and faint, God of the laughing heart and sobbing breath, we are here at Thy house, rejoicing that Thou hast called us here, one and all of us, away from our work, all met for one divine purpose. He has brought us together under His auspices to work for Him. Lord, Giver of these bounties, we love and laud Thee, in Christ. Amen.

May Our Issue of Blood Be Stanched

LORD GOD, Holy Father, Holy Ghost, Holy Christ, Infinite Majesty, Infinite Mercy, Infinite Mystery, we claim Thy consideration. We are they for whom God died. We are they whose sins are very many, but have been pardoned by the grace of God. We are they who are weak as withered grass, but by Thy grace mighty as armies with swords and banners. We are Thy invited folk—invited to Thy heart and to Thy heavenly house. Thine exaltation of us is our solitary claim to Thy consideration. We are of little value without Thee, but of eternal weight and magnitude by Thee. We long to be holy according to Thy purpose. Our spirits fret and chafe like sea waves on the rocks eagering to climb the shore. We want holiness, without which no man shall see God.

We worship Thee by day, by night, but are convinced we can not worship as Thou oughtest to be worshiped without the clean heart; therefore we want the heavenly washing of the holy blood so that we may

have the lives whose worship shall be a real oblation. We greatly desire to come into the hill of the Lord, and have heard tell of those who shall be dwellers there. Purify us. Make us every whit whole. May our issue of blood be stanched. May we know the path which has Thy benediction upon it, and take it and walk on it all our endless years.

So, Great God, Jehovah, Emmanuel, we pray for natures sanctified by Thee, so that spontaneously we may bring an acceptable service. May words of lips and meditations of hearts meet Thy holy approbation, so that when our spirits render Thee acclaim Thou shalt be glorified.

We praise Thee, O Lord, worshipful and mighty, merciful and wonderful, and plead for lives which shall lift praises and voice and palm branches and strew them as pavement for Thy feet, weary and wounded, to walk upon. Amen.

Thy Commandment Is Exceeding Broad

LORD JESUS, my heart would humbly yet gladly do all Thou biddest, for Thy commandment is exceeding broad. Thyself didst say, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me," which thing I haste to do. Thou art God's Son. Thou art God's self. Thou forgivest sins, and who can forgive sins save God only? Thou art the Judge of quick and dead, and who taketh this office upon him except the great God? Thou great, glad Savior, who dost run to my help what time, with impetuous and sinking Peter, I call, "Lord, save or I perish." Help me to launch out upon the deep; help me that I may know the love of Christ and the power of the world to come, and the energizing might of Thy Holy Spirit, and the cleansing of Thy precious blood, and the continuous presence of the Spirit, by whose abiding I sometimes sob and sometimes sing, "Abba, Abba, Father." Help me, my Christ, to become acclimated to God. May I become inured to the jeopardies that beset a soul at war with principalities and powers, with riotous

men and measures, with sin's shameful encroachments, with iniquity's insidious approaches and solicitations—help me through it all to be a man of Thine own heart. May I walk with God, and may that sweet, pure companionship ennoble but not bewilder, cleanse but not quench, help but not hinder, and may my word of lip and meditation of heart be acceptable to Him who knows my downsitting and my uprising and my thoughts very far off!

My soul aspires to love and give Thee not so much a martyr's death as a martyr's life. Accept this love, though it be but a withered flower; but wilt not Thou, O tenderness and condescension infinite, take and wear it as if it were a flower grown in royal gardens and plucked by a queen's white hands? Thou wilt; I know full well Thou wilt, and so rest quiet and rejoicing. Amen.

To Measure Up to the Peace of God

LORD, we thank Thee for the calm that encompasses our hearts like the air of the mountain of God. We thank Thee that while we are not to escape from life's severities nor yet life's calamities, we can have the abiding peace of God. We thank Thee for that truth. We would try to gather our strength together to measure up to "the peace of God that passeth all understanding." The peace of God when business goes well with us; the peace of God when business goes ill with us; the peace of God when youth is young in our hearts; the peace of God when age is old in our hearts; the peace of God when our hands are energetic and have all life's strength and activity; and the peace of God when our hands are folded idly, like the useless oars upon a useless boat. The peace of God when our life is resilient and our step is strong, and when life's pathway leads to success, and then the peace of God when our hands are lacerated and our heart is like our hands. The peace of God when we have enough of the world, and the peace of God when everything is to desire; and

then the peace of God when the last stay crushes under us or slips out from below us, and we fall bruised and broken on the ground; O the peace of God that passeth all understanding; the peace of God when our hearts are broken, when our graves are open, when the clods on the edge of the grave roll to the grave's edge and then fall in. The peace of God that passeth all understanding. The peace of God that wakes our songs and triumphs. The peace of God that tunes our lives to holy service. The peace of God that makes all the way we walk a good journey. The peace of God that companies with us through trials and through triumphs and through pain, through tragedies and through comedies, companies with us till we come down to the shadow of the valley, and that walks with us and keeps us in great quiet while roll the waters that men call death. The peace of God that knows no death, but its eternal serenity washes the face like the morning wind of spring washes the face with comfort and with spring odors. For this gracious peace, we love and bless Thee this day. Amen.

O, Precious Christ

PRECIOUS CHRIST, we have read how that to those that believe Thou art precious; and, besides, we ourselves know it by gracious personal experience, and in consequence rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Thou art our joy and our song. Thou makest us to run unwearied and to walk with never a thought of faintness, and at holy intervals we mount up on wings as eagles. Thou fillest our mouth with laughter, Thou anointest our head with oil, our cup runneth over. Thou art the Man that died for me; Thy precious blood is certified to cleanse my sin. Thou wast alive and Thou wast dead—and now, but now Thou art alive for evermore and makest prayer for me. It passes knowledge, this wide love of Thine.

Precious? Yea, Lord, Thou art precious; so precious as that to die is gain, to be with Thee and to live is triumph, if by our life we may enhance a little Thy splendid triumph over sin. Thou art precious to our hope and to our faith and to our hunger and to our devotion. What time we

pray Thou art father love, mother love, brother love, wife love, husband love, and love of friend and little child. Thou art all loves fused together into one holy affection. Thou art love, seeing Thou art God. For which cause we worship Thee, strong Son of God. Like Thomas, we would fall with voices thrilled with repentance and with tears, and cry, "My Lord and my God!" We love Thee and would worship Thee and serve Thee with robust fidelity and unflagging devotion of attitude and action. Help us, precious Savior. May we never weary in doing well, but keep faith with man and God, for the sake of Christ! Amen.

Making Glad Way to God

O GOD, we make our glad way to Thee at this moment. We are grateful Thou art the God of the heaven and the earth both. We are on the earth here for a little while, but please God and by His help we shall be in Heaven for a long time, even for the eternal years. We thank Thee that if we come to know Thee here we shall feel at home in Heaven. We thank Thee that if we learn to love Thee here we shall love Thee without effort in Heaven. We are not going from one place to another in the sense that we shall land among strangers, that our life's past ties shall be severed, but we are going from one room to another, and in both rooms are people we have known, and in both rooms are people we have loved, and in both rooms is God our Father, and in both rooms is Jesus Christ our Elder Brother, and in both rooms is the Holy Ghost, our Confidant. We have relatives everywhere we go. We can not be grateful enough for this superior mercy, but we bless Thee in our hearts that it is so. In Heaven, where we are not to tabernacle as we do here; in

Heaven, where there is no tenting, but housekeeping forever; in Heaven we shall feel at home.

O God, give us life this morning. Give us to breathe the breath that makes the atmosphere of the eternal centuries with God, namely, the breath of life. Give us a touch of the divine nature; give us a look from the divine face; and give us courage from the sweet courageousness of God; give us, we pray Thee, rest in the rest of the Almighty. Give us, we pray Thee, to feel, if our steps tremble and our steps faint, that God is our Helper, and His strength never trembles and His might never faints.

We thank Thee that Thou hast kept our feet from slipping. The ways of the world are slipprier than the ice upon the streets; and there is much disaster; but there are neither impediments nor disasters to the people who love God. What does it matter if the foot of the Alpine climber slip if so be the alpen-stock be holden in the hand of God? What difference if so be God is holding our right hand?

We thank Thee that Thou hast kept us this week; for the hopes Thou hast confided

in us; for the burdens Thou hast laid on our shoulders. We thank Thee for the choice goodness of divine keeping. We have been housed of God. Lord, we love Thee; we trust Thee. Thou carest for us yet. We thank Thee that life will be big if we have the great God for our adviser and our helper. Accept our praise for all Thy innumerable mercies, in the name of Christ. Amen.

God For Partner

LORD, we are come from many whithers, we are journeying many wheres. This Sabbath morning some of us are here and next Sabbath we shall hear the voice of the Atlantic seas or hear the waves on the Pacific. Some shall never be here again. We are birds of passage. We wing our flight to and fro. But this morning may we have Thee by us. May we have the sense of God. May it seem good to us to be here in this holy place. May it abound with the presence of our God. Some of us are here this morning for the

first time after vacation. We have had a happy summer, and we have come back ready for work. God help us, that whatsoever we do or think to do, we may have God for partner. Bless all of the folks that are here now, that have been here all the summer through. Bless all the members of this family of God. Make our hearts beat glad at the sound of the voice of our Christ, and may the glory of our life and the glory of our work and the glory of our leisure always be this, that we count with God and we are necessary to God, and He keeps a room in His heart ready for us always, and that nobody can supplant us in His affection, and that He is getting a house ready for us, not prepared with hands, but eternal in the heavens. For that good house and for that meeting we bless Christ; and for the song celestial and eternal we bless God this day and this hour, in Christ. Amen.

Help Thy Preacher, Lord

BE PLEASED to give Thy preacher help, O Lord, while he tries to lead this congregation in prayer. He remembers how prayer is the highest activity of the soul; he remembers how prayer is the infinite bringer of infinite help to finite folks. He remembers how Jesus prayed for those He loved. He remembers how hard the week is to many of us, and that it is not easy for any of us. O God, give the preacher help as he tries to lead this congregation in prayer. This prayer function is so noble, so unstained of earth, and so much stained of tears. It transcends all human effectiveness; it transcends all human force; it gets hold of the right hand of God; therefore, O Lord, lead Thou us this morning as all of us try to pray.

We worship God. We love to call upon His name. We love to know that every highway and every byway leads to the front door of God's house. We rejoice to know that God is the glory of every elect soul. Thy name is God the Father, Thy name is God the Holy Ghost, and if we knew the redeemed music that the saints

in Heaven know, we would call up every force of our redeemed spirits to clamor with the ecstasies of Heaven and worship Him who is from everlasting to everlasting God, and from everlasting to everlasting good, and from everlasting to everlasting love, and whose everlasting purpose it is to have mercy on whosoever repenteth and cometh into the full mystery of pardon. And when we see Thee as Thou art, we must worship Thee. We only ask that Thou wilt take our hands, as a mother does the hands of her little child, take them and hold them and kiss them. Thou lovest us, and with a love that never falters, and with a love that never fails, and with a love that is always about us in our weakness. For these unspeakable causes we bring Thee worship this morning. We know that our biggest and our best worship becomes us. As the sunlight becomes a meadow in the spring, so worship becomes our hearts. As music becometh the water of the brook, so this music of worship becometh our life. O Lord, we would worship Thee. We glorify Thee that Thou art holy. We would have Thee in our hearts. We would hear Thy voice calling us upward and onward. We

would know that Thou hast the perfect will, that Thou hast the perfect purpose, that Thy heart knows no trepidation, that Thy toil knows no weariness. We are imperfect, but God is perfect; we have the broken will, but God has the majestical will. We are broken folk, but God Almighty marches across the tops of the mountains from triumph to triumph. We worship Thee, O perfect love of God, and O perfect thought of God. Thy name is Christ. Would that Thou mightest push the door open with a touch and come in.

We pray for all those who lean over some beloved face, and can not see it for their tears; for all of our sick folks, all of the old people, all of those for whose feet the ways are too slippery, for all of those for whom the keen winter breath has too much of enterprise in it. We pray for any one who was hurt in the night by fire or disease.

O Thou majestical Almighty, who hast privileged us to call Thee Father, we call to Thee. We find our paradise in Thy peace, and our fullest opportunity in Thy heart. Hear our prayer, make music for us while the week goes by, because Thou art in its tumult. Amen.

May We All Get Homesick For God

LORD, bless everybody this morning. Bless all who are here. Bless those who are traveling afar for pleasure or health. Wherever they are, touch their hearts this morning, and may they be a little homesick for not being here. Teach us, O Lord, to be homesick when we are away from Thy house. May we all get homesick for God. May His face be our delight, so that we will count that day lost when we shall not have the pleasure of a conversation with our Christ.

Make this day the largest day of our lives, and may the finite life feel that infinite life beat up against it, so that God shall call and we may be comforted. Hear our prayer for everybody—for those who do not know Thee; all those who are angered to evil; all people who are this morning in rebellion against good government and against Thee. O God, may our life grow in symmetry, in holy proportions, so that it shall be a beautiful thing for God to look upon. We ask this in the name of Christ. Amen.

Thou Fructifiest All Our Betternesses

WE WORSHIP Thee, O Christ, because our every nobler impulse leads to Thee. Thou art the destination of every nobility of ours. Thou art the Dew which when distilled upon our hearts brings the perfume from every growing thing therein, and the night becomes fraught with heavenly fragrance. If our lives needed any proof of who Thou art, that would be ample proof. Thou fructifiest all our betternesses. Thou bringest the buds on our life-stalk into bloom and full and radiant flower. Thou invitest what is hidden and we knew not it was there; for all we ourselves saw was naked earth, and we had no prophecy keen to know what lay somnolent under ground nor had the wit to dream that seeds of holy harvests were within call of any voice of sun and shower, when lo! Thou dost but come past and we are aware of the earth bringing forth loveliness and harvests. Thou art the very God. We feel it in our climb of soul. We feel it in our appeal to the depths and heights of us. Thou art what

we need to bring ourselves to pass. We are like seeds which have slept in a mummy's hand through dormant centuries, and then the earth and the touch of the wind and sky; and the mummy hands are fathers of harvests.

This is Thy argument for Thy Deity. We praise Thee that this is how we find it always. All our very best rushes to meet Thee; all our littleness shrinks from Thy presence. We feel our smallness and our shame when Thou art come. Lord, come and stay. We shall have harvests and blossoming when Thou abidest. Amen.

Thee We Adore, O Christ

THEE we adore, O Christ. If our eyes have been holden so we did not see the beauty of Thee and the rest of Thee and the kingliness of Thee, forgive us. It was not the thought of our hearts. We thank Thee that the look of Thy face is enough to bring us from our feet to our faces. Thy wholesomeness hath given the world help; Thy tenderness has taught the world gentleness; Thy presence has made the Valley of the Shadow of Death beautiful as daylight. Thy consolations have made chambers of sickness like unto the ante-chambers of paradise. Thou hast been like the blowing of spring wind across the world, and where Thou blowest, lo! up sprang the crocuses and the hyacinths. Only, the flowers that bloomed were flowers of the heart. Since Thou hast come, the whole wide world has been learning that once there was a Man who walked down our road who did n't come to act the autocrat, but who did come to act the brother.

O Big Brother of human life! O Big Brother of weak life! O Big Brother of

dejected life! O Big Brother of darkened life! O Big Brother of bed-ridden folk! O Big Brother of sin-ridden folk! O Big Brother of baby folk! O Big Brother of men and women folk! O Big Brother of earth and Heaven! we worship Thee this morning that Thou art come to our town. Thou art come, and we bless Thee for coming. Thou art come, and we had no right to think that Thou wouldst. Thou hast come, and Thou hast not spoken harshly to us, though indeed Thou mightst well have spoken severely to us, we have been so weak and so wicked. Thou hast come, and lo! when we look upon Thee, though we have been ashamed and have fallen upon our knees and remembered Thy kindnesses, yet we knew from the look of Thy face that Thy name was not only Wonderful, but that Thy name was Compassion.

Thee we adore, O Christ. Thee we worship, Mighty Prince. Thee we fall before with heads and hearts and bodies, O King of eternity. Thee we lavish our praise on, O God. Not that Thou needest the whisper of praise we can bring, but our hearts must have voice and must have laughter and song, and they must rejoice because Thou

art their Comforter. Great God Christ, pervade our service. Let Thy voice ring in our singing. Let Thy tender words whisper through our prayer. Let Thy calling be penetrative while the sermon speaks. Thee we adore, O Christ! And this morning, Palm Sunday, we bring Thee wavings and hosannas and rejoicings and song, O Christ! Thee we adore, O Christ, and to Thee we bring our halleluiahs and our hosannas, to Thee our tears and our songs. To Thee our hopes and our fears, our resurrections and our eternal rejoicings. Thee we adore, O Christ! And while we are on our knees and our faces, O Christ, whom we adore, lean over, as Thy custom is, and take our tear-wet hands and kiss them dry of weeping, and take us by the hands and lift us up, and tell us once again the sweet, eternal, precious story of the heart, "I love Thee yet, I love Thee yet, I love Thee ever!" Thee we adore, O Christ. Amen.

God Loveth Thee

MY LORD and my God, Thou dost know me and love me! The story is past, far past belief, unless Thyself hadst told it. Jesus came from Heaven to bear the message, intrusting it to none, because had any other brought it we had felt sure the message was changed, deranged, mistaken. But Jesus came from far, with dyed garments from Bozrah, and message and Messenger said, "God loveth thee." Jesus stopped on the world's street to speak to me, and I became as one transfigured. My cares, my pleasures, my toils, my tears, my achievements, my aspirings, my fears, my losses, my gains, my prayers, multitudinous as clouds; my praises, often belated like a weary traveler—all are of consequence to Him. They are as if they were not mine, but His. How can this thing be? And yet, thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift, He knows me as my mother would. No more, my soul, say no word more. Kneel and look God's way, and let thy heart's silence sing psalms to Him and thy lips, though unopened, shout halleluiahs. Amen.

We Amount to Something in God's Sight

O LORD, it is so blessed to feel that Thou art looking for us when Sabbath morning comes; so blessed to know that we have an appointment with God and God has an appointment with us; so blessed to understand that we amount to something in God's sight, that He is a little less rich if we are not rich in love to Him. O God, forbid that any of us should impoverish the Almighty. May we come and keep our appointment with the King of Heaven with loving hearts and with eager voices and with great delight. May the house of God not be a duty to us, but a joy to us. It is not duty that brings the lover to see the woman he loves. He comes not because of appointment, but because his heart hastes thitherward. O Lord, we would hurry up and come to meet Thee.

And we hasten this morning to tell Thee that we love Thee. Our hearts were worse than ashes if we did not tell God this. Each season hath its splendor and there is Spring time and then the Fall time, and Thou hast Thine own message to us at all times. O

God, this glorious Sabbath morning, refresh our hearts with the sense of God. We can not live always. Our journey leads us to the grave. O God, hearten us by this solemn truth to-day, that after the Autumn leaf there is the Spring leaf. No intervention of Winter, no wild callings of the Winter winds disturb us. If we love Christ we run out of the shadows to the glory and the beauty of the eternal Spring time, where flowers are eternal and the Spring time clouds glory along the sky.

O God our Savior, teach us this morning how beautiful it is to be Christians. So bless all who are in the autumn of life, who can not hear as they used to hear, who can not see as they used to see. Bless the men that have to lean on the arms of others, who used to have others lean on them. Bless the mothers who lean now on their sons and daughters they held in their arms. Bless age, youth, childhood, and adulthood, and help us all to love Thee, O Christ. Amen.

God Walks Out Our Way

BLESSED Lord and Savior of mankind, how we magnify the love of God which had a race in its intent and never forgot the design of saving a race, and never fell below the glorious intent of establishing a race in the Heaven of heavens. We are Thy beloved. Though we be bad and slow of heart and removed from high thoughts, yet the love of God walks out our way and glows in our faces like the sun and warms our hearts like the summer, and touches all the depths and heights and far corners of our souls in invitation to the better life. How wide this is! We can not get the expanse of this wide, wide sky. We are too little YET. Help us toward largeness, we humbly pray. Help, O help us, Lord.

The world is lost. Dirge that out in its sick despair. Toll that as the death knell of all the hopes we ever thought to entertain. The world is lost, all lost, far lost, lost beyond recall. Alas, O Lord!

But the world is found! Christ hath found the lost world and, seeking, hath found the race. "O love of God, so pure

and changeless." This is our joy-bell, yea our joy-bells ringing their lordly triumphs. We can not be dismayed now any longer. We belong to a discovered race. The Lord of life and glory has hunted us up. We rejoice and rejoice, nor know where rejoicing should cease. It should not cease. We should rejoice on forever. And we shall. There is no time set for the rejoicing of the redeemed to cease. That dull day will never rise. None such is in the heavenly calendar. Glory be to God! Amen.

Toilers, But Not Despondent Toilers

LORD, we praise Thee for our joy in our work. We are toilers, but not despondent toilers. We like the work we are set to. The thought of the day's toil does not embitter us nor make us despondent, but makes us happy. We thank Thee that we look forward to our tasks with real enjoyment. We are not "galley slaves scourged to the dungeon" of our servitude, but God's free women and free men, walking out to our vineyard or our field or our housekeeping or our mart, with the sense of importance that comes from being needed in this world. We sing while we labor. We thank Thee that this is so. That happy women sing at their work and happy men whistle after the plow. It might have been so different. Life's burdens might have been burdens. We might have gone grudgingly to the day's work, and have watched with sullen eagerness for the expiration of the day. Bless God, it is not so. To very many of us the day is too short. We love the furrow and the book and the desk. We are knit to our endeavor by ties not stronger

than duty tied, but by ties very strong—the ties of preference and sunny contentment.

We heartily bless our God for this rare provision of His forethought for us. Life might have been so different from what it is. It might have been a harshness such as a broken instrument of music makes. But the way we find it is that men are gloomed by the prospect of ceasing from work. Work is to strong men and true like the blowing of a summer wind—not a hardship, but a recreation.

So, O Lord, we thank Thee from the heart that these things are so, and that our work days are our worth days and our days of smiling.

Set us worthily, we pray Thee, at worthy tasks. Keep us from the rasp and fret and wear which break the soul and reduce effort to fine dust which fills the air and makes living a source of discontent. Keep us with the heart "to do with our might what our hands find to do," we pray our God in the name of our Christ. Amen.

Thou Art Our Enchantment, O God

O LORD, Thou art the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon; and so this morning we call upon our hearts to look Thee in the face, to see Thy gladness, Thy welcome, Thy surprise. Thou art our enchantment, O God. Thou art the Wizard that dost so for the world: Thou touchest with Thy wand and the whole black earth bringeth forth in reds and blues and yellows. Thou touchest with Thy wand and lo! across the bleak winter of our hearts spring forth salutations to God, with laughters like singing birds.

O God, we love Thee. May we love the big earth, may we love enemies and friends, the far away and near. May we love Chicago and the farthest city that smokes against the November sky.

O God, help us to be lovers like God, and may this day conduce to making the great earth more fully in love with God. Bless us all. Give us the spring breath in our faces. Give us the June sun in our hearts. Give us in the radiancy and wonder of the Fall time to know we are the

sons and daughters of God, and whatever blackness there may be of death or sorrow or any other antagonism, may we this morning throw open the doors and step out under the sky that God, all tender and all mighty, may have His way with us.

Bless strangers who are here for the first time; bless our own people who are here so many times. Bless people from other lands and other cities. Put Thy two hands about this congregation and press it together, so that it may feel one love, one divine hope, one beautiful faith, so all may get at God and let Him get at them, we pray in the name of the Christ. Amen.

Give Us Free Access to God

O BLESSED Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we thank Thee that as we gather around His cross we have comfort and peace. O blessed Holy Ghost, that witnessest to the Christ, point us tc Him this morning, and may our hearts answer, "Christ is come." And we pray Thee that whatever the difference of our natures may be, whatever our struggles may be, though we battle against innumerable odds and ofttimes with failure, give us a high hope, and give us free access to God; and may it seem this radiant winter morning that God comes and dwells with us and we with Him.

O God, bless all of us. Put the arms which never let anybody slip, about all of us. Change all of our lack of success into succeeding. Give us, we pray Thee, that invigorating breath of the invigorating life of God. May we not be angered because life is hard; but may we be eager because life is strong, and may we remember that wherever we be, whatever we do, we have the God of Power to help us to be our best.

O Lord, bless the absent folks; O Lord,

bless the present folks; O Lord, bless the sick folks. Bless those who have not been here for a long time, but are here this morning. Bless all of us. Make it a good day in all our hearts. May not the coldness of the lake winds invade our lives this day, but may the radiant heavenly morning that cometh from the Springtime invade our hearts, and may we have strength and peace and resolution to live steadfastly for God and work His work, and have confidence and faith that hereafter when the morning breaketh and the shadows flee away we shall see face to face the Christ we love and in whose name we pray. Amen.

We Do Not Outgrow God With Coming Years

WE THANK Thee, O Lord, that as our wisdom increases our sense of God increases, and our longing for God increases. We bless Thee out of our hearts that we do not outgrow God with growing years, with growing circumstances, with growing knowledge, but that everything that adds to our life adds resistless impulse to the soul Godward.

We bless God that He fills our biggest life, that He, so to say, grows with us. We never can grow up to God, but thanks be to the Christ, we can grow toward Him. We can not comprehend God, but then, thanks be to the Christ, we can apprehend Him. We can not compass the Almighty, but thanks be to God, we can get hold of His garment, and that is enough to make the sick heart whole and make the wicked clean. Just a touch of the Almighty, and through all our veins swims the blood of Eternal Life. O God, we are in love with Thee this morning. Thou hast heartened us, Thou hast helped us, Thou hast not belittled us, Thou hast not shamed us, Thou

hast not put us rudely aside, Thou hast not said, "Why cumber ye the ground?" Thou hast not thrown up our infirmities to us. The kindest, finest courtesy that was ever in the hearts of men or women is nothing compared to the courtesy of God.

O God, we should like to love Thee much. We should like to enlarge our hearts so as to do for God something that God has done for us. We should like to be spacious-hearted; we should like to be spacious-handed. Great God, in whose hand the ocean waters rise and by whose might the stars keep on their far-going journeys and by whose immortal life, life is breathed into the human soul—Great God, lift us up to get hold of Thee. We have not done much at it. We are children, and we are but in the primary department, but Thou art kind to us and forgetful of our infirmities. Thou art strength to our weakness and Thou art wisdom to our foolishness; and with such a Friend as this we shall get on well, and verily our lives shall be glad. Glory be to God in Christ. Amen.

Thy Path of Mercy

LORD, we have been singing to the tune of "Mercy," and this glad morning we would have our lives catch that tune. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives. Mercy has been our sky and our ground. We have walked Thy path of mercy, we have breathed mercy, we have rejoiced in mercy, and have not known it. Mercy has been our daily bread; it has been the water for our thirsty lives; we have feasted upon it. God's mercy has been the portion of our life. We thank Him for that. It is a great, great mercy. We have been so weak; we have not found the secret of strength; we have been whipped about by every wind; we have been like a boat chained at the shore that is the creature of the currents and the tides. We would cry for strength. Granite and iron both are in our blood, but we have been weaker than a blade of grass, which, when the wind sighs in the evening, goeth whithersoever the evening wind bloweth. Have mercy on our weakness.

Thou hast had mercy on our wayward-

ness. We have gone where we ought not to have gone; we have been enticed of ignoble things; the invitations which have appealed to us have been the lesser invitations, not the larger; we have heard the earth voices, but we have not heard the heavenly voices; we have heard the call to gain, but we have not heard the call to prayer. Forgive us, O Christ of God, for our waywardness. Let Thy mercy be our portion this morning. Forget our yesterdays. Give us a fresh start to-day. Amen.

Thy Nearness Is Our Comfort

GOD, our Heavenly Father, we are comforted by the sense of Thy nearness. Thou art no far-away God, Thou art the near-at-hand God. We whisper and are heard. We have no call to clamor. Thou invitest us to speak. We be journeyers on the same road, climbers of the same hill, sitters down in the same shadow, all the way with God. What a high thought of encouragement that is. It calms our fever. We are helped into reliance and peace. To know God is to trust Him. He is near; He never goes far. He stays close, like a mother to her sick child. Infinite reliance may be placed in God; He was never known to fail. How many, many brothers and sisters of the journey have we known who, in deep distress, have lifted voice when they were sure no help could reach the deeps of their need—and God helped them. This testimony is uniform. The lovers of the Lord are the helped of the Lord. He is so nigh to them that are weighed down by a broken and contrite spirit. The hand of the Lord is ever accessible. A reach, a little reach,

such as a little child is capable of; a feeble reach, such as a sick body can make even with his wasted strength; a little reach of a faltering sinner's faltering hand, feeble and tremulous; a sinner's timorous reach and pitiful and broken sigh can reach our God.

Lord, our God, Father, our Father, we sinners, we sick, we needy, we dying, we thank Thee for this nearness, this access, this heavenly help on this earthly road. We need it so; and in Thee we have it so.

Accept our thanks for this very great mercy. May our gratitude assume some tangible form. May we forsake our sins; may we rely utterly on God our Savior; may we walk "unto all pleasing;" may we live and die with the blessed consciousness of Thy presence on us like the daylight, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Forbid We Should Always Be Broken in Purpose

LORD, we bless Thee and praise Thee for this Church, so many sweet folks we love so much; this congregation, so many people that do n't belong among us—we have grown to love them, too. May we all belong to the household of God; and may our "citizenship be in Heaven;" and may our love be for eternal things; and may the great sobrieties sober us, and the great dignities enhance the value of our love; and may the great remedial agencies of God be medicine to our spirits; and may the voice of God that comes from where the thunder sleeps, approach us this morning and bid us wake up and look up to God.

O God, forbid that we should always be broken in purpose; forbid that we should always be wrecked in endeavor; forbid that we should always be shame-faced, looking on the earth and never looking skyward or Heavenward; forbid that we should always be mere bits of human salvage brought up from the waste of waters of the world; but may we be ships full-rigged, equipped, competent for endeavor. struggling with

surf and tide and angry water and the wide waste of seas, and come into the haven gallantly and with triumph, we pray in Christ. Amen.

The Persistency of Thy Great Love

LORD of all souls, we thank Thee for the universality of redemption and for the persistency of Thy great love. We look on both with delighted wonder. Only God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, could think to perform such holy miracles of love and service.

We would reverently love this God of our salvation. We would take His name upon our lips; and His blessed blood shall wash our hearts. Help us, our God, into Thy neighborhood. Bring us very close to Him who died for us. Let the whisper of the Holy Spirit suffice to attract our heart's heed. May we need no stormy voice.

May we experience this day the advent of God, so that to us this Sabbath may prove an Epiphany.

Our prayer is breathed in the name of Christ. Amen.

Praise For the June Time

WE BLESS Thee, Lord of the beauty of holiness, for the beauty of Thy June time. June is a thought of God, a rarely beautiful thought of God. The sky is very blue and very high; the air is perfumed with the clover breath and the birds are rapturous with love; the wind blows gently, and is sweet with hope; the wheat fields yellow toward harvest; the wild rose thickets blush out in ten thousand winsome blooms. And all this is Thine, and Thou hast given it us.

We bless Thee, Lord, for Thy fertility of plan in our behalf to make our hearts to sing. We would out-chorus all the singing birds. We would bloom in beauty like the wild rose, and would emit perfume of breath like the clover-heads, and race toward harvest like the billowing fields of wheat. And then Thou wouldst be glad! May we not fail in growing, and hasting toward harvest. Thou lovest bloom: Let us bloom to Thee. Thou lovest perfume: May our lives be June incense. Thou lovest harvest: May we bring forth—some an hundred-fold, and so justify Thee in

giving us Thy June, we ask in the holy name of Him who is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Amen.

Thy Rainbow Is on the Cloud

OUR GOD, we bless Thee that Thy rainbow is on the cloud. Out of the water-drop Thou kindlest this holy flame. Where light was dim there Thou hast lit a lamp on high. We praise Thee for such symbols and for the power and love which burn behind symbol and power. Such things are too high. We can not attain unto them. But no matter. We catch the many lights the rainbow wears. Thou neighborest with our cloud. Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift. Our storm provokes Thy coming. Thou dost follow and crown the tempest. When we need, Thou art near. May we enjoy Thy neighborhood and delight in Thy coming and endure with gladness, seeing Thou lightest the storm with Thy presence and Thy rainbow is around the throne.

In the name of Christ we bless Thee. Amen.

Still With Thee, O Lord

LORD, "Still with Thee when purple morning breaketh and bird waketh and shadows flee:" still, still with Thee when suns have climbed from purple morn to crystalline noon; still, still with Thee when sun declines and stumbles toward waiting west; still, still with Thee when sunset sows the skies to melancholy splendors and crows wing homeward across the crimson but darkening heavens; still, still with Thee when all tints have vanished from ambient clouds and the birds' carol wishes the world "good-night;" still, still with Thee when stars are lit and night voices invade sleepy silences; still, still with Thee when all the day of needful work goes blithely by and our work-hands harden and our toiling hearts gladden in the labor we have wrought; still, still with Thee when weariness seeks gentle and restful pillow and we rest till dawn once again revisits the world; still, still with Thee when we are awake and on our own defense or asleep and defenseless as the primroses and birds; still, still with Thee when life fares well and thews are strong and labor spurns

fatigue; still, still with Thee when weariness creeps over us like sleep on a little child and we can not in our weakness lift our empty hand; still, still with Thee in health and strength and gladness or in dim weakness and sadness; still, still with Thee by life at noon or death by night. O Lord, our Lord, we ARE still with Thee.

So we worship and exult. No business is bankruptcy if we still have Thee: no sin can throw us down and hold us down if we still have Thee: no griefs can be unassuageable if we be still with Thee: no future can be unelate if it be still with Thee: no grave can be perpetually sown to cypresses if the grave be still with Thee, but shall be sown to rosemary and pansies and lily flowers when still with Thee. Lord, I must lift the song, I must praise Thee with my praising breath. I must invite angels and blood-washed saints to write me a book of praises for my praising heart, since all my days are spent with Thee. I go down life's highway, calling praise and honor and glory to my God, so that my neighbors may say, "He is beside himself;" but my God shall say, "He hath a sound mind." Canst Thou hear me, my Lord and Master? Amen.

A Prayer in Drouth

LORD, Thou seest how the dreary drouth is on. The gardens wither and the vines curl up as if they had been burnt with fire, and the tasseling corn is blistering in the scorch of sun. The drouth is on, the streams are dry, the cities have scant water for the slaking of their thirst. Fires may at any wicked moment lap a city out as with a sea wave's rush. The drouth is on. The skies are burning brass, and fever is on the days and nights and the sunbeams are hot like swords, and the stars have forgotten the coolness of the long and shadowed spaces through which their light has come. The drouth. There will be no wheat nor any corn. The fruit withereth upon the branch. Whither shall we turn, O Lord? What up-hill path shall we essay to climb with burning feet, to limp along the disheartened ways? The world shall die of famine and the beasts go mad of thirst.

Alas, O Lord, it is so our shortsightedness sees. Feeble folk who stumble into discontent are ever fretful and feverish. Our fears ever outrun our wants. We are ever

on the verge of some storm-swept cliff and like to die, and yet Thou hast preserved us. Our joy has had its cruse replenished. We have hungered, but we have had heavenly bread.

O Master of many harvests, teach us by the burnt field and the sullen failure, how deep is our dependency on God, even the living God. We get proud and strangely lifted up and think we own the world, and then God shutteth up the water-bottles of the clouds, and all our fertile fields go barren and our garners are a naked floor. Lord, if we shall learn humility, the drouth shall have been better than a hundred harvests. We need the fattening of the soul more than the fattening of our plenty. Lord, make our harvest to be soul harvest. There is always rain with God, wherefore have we never any need of drouth.

We pray for bounteous harvests on the plowed lands of the soul, where we have had scant crops so long, so long, so pitifully long. We have been barren fields, or nigh that. Dew have we had and rain and sunlight passing fair and sweet, and God hath been with us; but we heeded not. We have grown shrubs where we should have

grown trees, and scrawny harvests where we could, aye, and should, have been burdened with a yield of an hundred-fold.

Lord, we repent and are heartily sorry for these drouth times in our hearts, which were never of Thy making and ever of our making; and may we now retrace our wayward steps, bring in our barren loves and center all we are and have upon the Lord of life and glory.

May we humble us; in which case, God shall lift us up according to His promise once made and unrecalled forever.

Keep us, our Lord, from heart-famine. Water our souls with those streams which flow out from the heart of God, and whatever comes in plenty or in penury, we shall be content, aye, glad and undisconcerted. Give to us great soul-crops of love and peace and power and joy, and a sound mind and an equanimity which never sours with discontent, we pray in Christ, our Master. Amen.

For the Spacious Christ

WE BLESS our God for the communion of saints, for the citizenship which is in heaven, and for the spacious Christ. He orbs our life. He shames our narrownesses. He divides us from our puny dislikes and likes. He bids us gird the loins of larger loves and wider friendships. He makes the centuries of men our playfellows and schoolmates. He eliminates our shabby gentilities by the fall of His tears on the page where we have written their genealogies. He brings us into a wide place where we catch the hands of the lovers of God, and experience loves that are rightly fraternal. We bless Thee. Thou hast taught us this lesson of enlargement, Thou Lord Christ. 'T were a pity to be narrow and Thou so broad in Thy love and pity—so broad as that the wide seas are straits compared with Thee.

Make my life roomy, radiant, and full of laughter learned from Christ, my Savior. Amen.

LORD CHRIST, we thank Thee for Thy day. We thank Thee for Thy house and for all the admonitions to service and to goodness that Thy house and Thy day afford. We think with gladness that since childhood the Church has called to us and the Sabbath has made quiet in the midst of the worry of the week. And how beautiful it has seemed to us, many and many 's the time, that God should afford this day of quiet in the great disturbances of the multitude of cares. Lord, we bless Thee for the Sabbath.

We thank Thee for the home instinct that is in it. We thank Thee that on that day people may stay at home, all the family together, children and father and mother. We thank Thee for the blessedness of the Sabbath. We remember it through many, many years. We thank Thee that some of the people who used to meet with us and with whom we used to meet, some of them are now keeping Sabbath in Heaven. We are so glad in our hearts for the eternal Sabbath of that country where congregations ne'er break up and where praises never

end, and where there are no tear-stained faces and no sobbings to break the music of Heaven.

O Lord, we thank Thee that in this earth-mortality we have the prelude to paradise. We thank Thee that as we meet in our service to God, God Himself will be with us. And the God of the heavens and the God of the earth and the God of good men's hearts and bad men's hearts, and the God of the weak and the wayward and the froward; the God of those who love Him a little and those who love Him a lot and those who love Him not at all; the God of immeasurable generosity; the God who cares for all of us, even to the worst, seven days in the week, every hour of the day; the God of the morning storm and the evening calm—is our God. O God, as we make our prayer to Thee, help all of us to Godlikeness. May we triumph over ourselves. May we have finer feelings and finer thoughts and finer sayings and sweeter courtesy and finer fidelity of effort and high and lordly instinct. Lead us to the calm of the Spring time; get us over to the calm of God, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Lord, Bring Us to a Better Day

O LORD, bless the great earth that is feeling every hour a little nearer to its Spring and thrusting bravely on like a ship in Arctic seas toward the wonder of the South. O God, bring us to a better day. Bless everything the world ought to have; repress everything the world ought not to have. Stamp the heel of Thy foot upon wickedness. Put the hand of Thy might underneath righteousness and lift it up. And grant to every great, honorable, virtuous cause the substantial comfort of knowing that God is behind it and will not let it fail nor fall. Bless our beloved who are sick, or absent, or both. Bless all our folks, wherever they are, and may this morning all be united a family in the house of God, to praise and pray and hope and call to God with the voice of children which, when the Father hears, He smiles and says, "I will answer according to thy asking."

We bless Thee it is not much odds what comes to us from the world or how many stormy waters we sail through or how many stormy winters we pass, if God is

with us we have the peace that passeth all understanding. And so we bring our hearts and lay them before Thee, like an open book. We kiss the pages because Thou wilt kiss them too. And if tears wet the pages of our heart-book, Thou canst wash them off; and if storms drench the pages of our heart-book, Thou canst dry them with Thy smile. The sunlight of Thy presence is enough to give us peace. If Christ only journeys along with us it is Spring time, Spring time forever. We bless Thee, Father, in the name of Christ. Amen.

Lord of the Daybreak, We Give Thee Thanks

LORD of the daybreak and the opening light, we thank Thee Thou art our Light. In Thee is no darkness at all. All mornings hover around Thyself, who art the deathless morning. For our earthly daylight our hearts are very grateful, and for that other and heavenly daylight, of which our light is nothing more than a shadow, we give Thee worship. All noble things and beautiful are imitations of Thyself. We feel this more and more. All life and loveliness are contagions caught from Thee. The mountains climb toward Thee, who art the everlasting height. The planets aspire toward Thee, who art the universal dome. The tug of stellar suns is learnt from Thee, who drawest all things to Thyself. The higher gravitation is the Master and the solar gravitations are the pupils. All power hath its hidings in God. The communicable passion of an infinite love is on the world of hearts. We are lovers because Thou art the Lover. We thirst for good, seeing Thou art the everlasting Good. We hold our children dear.

Thy heart doth hold us as children and hug us close. We can not get beyond Thee; for this we give Thee shoreless gratitude and thanksgiving. There is no outgrowing God. Eternity is God's lifetime; but in that long expanse of living to which we are heirs, we can not come up with God, much less pass by Him. He will yet be the sun in the high, far heaven; we still the flowers in the lowest ground, blooming toward the Sun.

Lord, because Thou fillest our all and in all and us all and in all, because Thy majesty is our mount of aspiration, we would humbly love Thee and bless Thee and serve Thee. Thou evokest our majestical passion and our majestical pursuit. Thou art on our horizon far off but near, remote but neighborly. We see Thee, we feel Thee, we want Thee. Thou art the tide which tugs at our little boat. Grant us that we move outward with the tide. Thou art the Sun which tugs at our little planet—aye, we answer to Thy gravitation and revolve about Thee. Only, O Lord, our Sun, may we not be as the planets which revolve slow orbits and have a scant light and heat, but the rather may we be as those planets which revolve near the sun in sunny jour-

ney and sublime alacrity, and have as winter time propitious summer, and whose night is only long enough for a wee bird to fall asleep in, whereat it is morning.

Hear our prayer and bring us strangely close and keep us with the true light which LIGHTETH, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Lord, We Need the Sabbath For Our Hearts

LORD, our God, we need the Sabbath for our hearts. We feel this more and more. The week days invade our spirits so. The turmoil is like to make us die. Our respiration is hindered; sometimes it is almost gone. The work of life makes us stolid, we fear, sometimes. And Thou hast taken account of all this, in Thy kindness for us. We bless Thee always that Thou art more thoughtful for us than we for ourselves. Thou dost never forget the best things, the largest things. We frequently do. We do not have insight and sagacity to discover our deepest needs. We play at life. But Thou didst ordain a

Sabbath for us. One day for God in the seven. Thou didst say to our souls, "Stop and take breath. Stop and look at thy life. Stay and count the money in thine hands and consider how thou camest by it." We bless Thee heartily for this seventh day for self-reckoning.

And then Thou didst in Thy love touch the seventh day and, with the kiss of resurrection, transform it into Sunday. The day of resurrection! Glory be to our Christ for Sunday, with its calm and help, with its hills of heaven visible from everybody's window, with its song and joy and hope and peace. Breathe on us, Breath of God, just now. Let Thy Sunday invade our inmost life as sea-tides invade the shore. Bless us with the upward look; and then bless us with the upward going, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Our Hope Takes Fire

BLESSED LORD, we look around us and the Spring is new in leafage and in flower. The violets make the ground a heavenly shadow of the blue sky and on untended ways the dandelions gather in golden, glowing multitudes. Spring is so new, yet so flushed with perfection, comfort, fulfillment, and promise. All helpful considerations are residents of God's new Spring. Our hope takes fire. At such hours all incredible, high things become credible. Is it a happening that Christ Jesus, our Resurrection and our Life, had His resurrection in the blooming Spring? That can scarcely be. What all the Spring times since God sent His first Spring to gladden the world had been vainly trying to say, the Resurrection said in words impossible to misunderstand. Easter is not unthinkable when all the happy ways of field and hill and water-brook are flashing out into laughing life. Why should not God have His resurrection as naturally and necessarily as the barren earth?

We thank Thee, Lord of Life, for Thy reiterant Spring, which is a parable of Thy

larger eternal dealings with the sons of men. We can not well take seriously in our hearts the slow, unassuring logic of the agnostic when the clods leap into flower and the apple branches are rapturous with bloom, shining like angels' wings. Nay, Lord, Thy Spring-time puts a hushing hand across the lips of our dubitant faith. When Spring has come we are in the presence of powers we can contemplate and rejoice in, but can in no wise comprehend. Infidelity dare not be blatant when the dogwood builds snowbanks and the cowslip yellows, wondering at the sun.

The lesser mood, it would appear, is not the mood in which common nature can be understood, and how much less can human nature be untouched with subtractions, dubitations, hesitations, and objections? And the Divine Nature, how dare we lay the wanton, willing hand of doubt across the lips of God? Can not His silence lift to song?

Truly, when the blackbirds come again and the cuckoo calls, it appears absurd to question the ability of God to speak or human souls to be spoken to of God. We laud Thy holy name, O Lord, for Spring,

with its apparent lessons for our souls. Large things become so reasonable. When Spring has broken truce with ice and snow and has bloomed out to wonder infinite, O Spring time, whose other and whose higher name is Christ, blow Thou on us with Thy rare fragrance and over our landscape of soul with such deep delight as makes Thy meanings manifest to our souls, so that from henceforth we may be not faithless but believing, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Praise That We Have All and Abound

OUR FATHER in Heaven, we hallow Thy name and laud Thee, and shall do so while we have breath. Thou art good and hast done us good. We have had at Thy hand only benefit all our happy days. We have drunk of the cup of salvation, and the wine it held has been sacramental wine to our souls. We have been ministered to by the unstinted bounty of God. Thy sunlight has made

our path daylight. The dark night has had its star; and when our need was great our night has had its sun. All we have actually needed for the profit of our immortal natures has been our daily bread.

We have had the Triune God as our special possession; we have had the Church for our home; we have fronted the everlastingness to which we haste and for which our natures are equipped. We rejoice in God. We would laugh out loud in Thy presence. All the music of which our hearts and lips are master we spill out in Thy praise in this opportune hour.

Make this house glorious because here God, that Father, meets man, the son. Make the dedication of ourselves to be as sincere as was the dedication of this holy place. Beyond any hesitation may we be the temples of the Holy Ghost now and evermore in Christ our Savior. Amen.

Do Not the Wild Birds Waken With a Song

LORD, at early morning we are hungry. Give us bread. Do not the wild birds waken with a song? They are hungry, too, but must needs sing their halleluiahs ere they break their fast. Lord, we would be thoughtful when the foolish birds are wise. We would lift our voice of praise. We hungry folk would do a little more than ask for daily bread. We would pray to be delivered from lust of bread. We are hungry, Thy hungry babes and women and men. We would praise the Lord of bread, the Instigator of the fields to yearly and fertile harvests. Thou givest commandment to the fields and they obey Thy mandate and yield bread enough for feeding of all hungry folks.

Thou givest to the farmer's arm strength for plowing and the sowing and reaping of the fields. Thou linkest farm and man. Thou girdest man with prevision and then afterwhiles Thou giftest him with provision.

It is at the end, always Thou. Every path of peace and plenty inevitably leads back to God; and every field of plenty has

a traveled footpath up and out to God. We give God thanks that man is linked to God in getting bread. We are not meant to sponge our way, but to work our way. God and ourselves are feeders of the world. God has us for His partners. Lord, give us bread we ourselves have helped to earn and helped to cook. Give us our daily bread. Give us the chance to touch hands with Thee in preparing it. We are Thy housekeepers and farmers and grocerymen. O Lord, we lift our thanks for this table Thou and we have spread, but Thine be the glory. The fields are Thine and the fertility. Thou givest wheat its growth-intent and its lust for harvest, and our brawn and brains are of Thy making and of Thy maintaining. Thine be the glory, Thine the power!

Give us our daily bread, in Christ. Amen.

Because Thou Dost Remember Us, We Live

LORD, we worship and bow down before Thee, who art Lord of all. Thou art the God of the race to which we belong. Thou madest it. Thou givest it daily bread. But for Thy bounty it would not be. Thou lavishest Thy benefits—the ground, the sky, the rain, the dark, the daylight, water for the slaking of our thirst and that of the beasts and birds, lest we all die with lips parched and bleeding, dry with the desert drouth. Because Thou art and dost remember us, we live.

May we love to glorify Thee. May we never forget whose we are. May it be our summit of delight to know Thy love and enjoy it. Thy commandment is not grievous. How well we fare when we mind God. How we are like a bottle in the smoke the moment we neglect to hear and obey Thy mandates. Health is on Thy road, and wealth and wisdom. "No good thing wilt Thou withhold from him that walketh uprightly." This was said long, long ago, but is not less true to-day. Its outlines and its mass are substantial and enduring.

It is good to behave as in the sight of God. It is safe to mind God. Beatitudes bloom round about our path like flowers when we walk with Thee and live for Thee. "In Thy presence is life, even life for evermore." We pray for Thy reconnoissance of our path. Look ahead for us, so that they which shoot at the soul with poison darts do not smite us. Keep us from being afraid. Nothing can hurt us while we are in Thy good company. Things may wound us, but who are we not to bleed or ache or die? Jesus did all this. We do not ask for special providence to shelter us from those conditions which belong to human careers. We do not want to pray so as to make us cowards. We want Thee on our journey; we want Thee in our toil; we want Thee in our wounded estate, lying dying on the field of fight. Thyself art our need and our delight.

Give us constant absolution from our sins. We want the perpetual cleansing of the blood of Christ, seeing we need it every breath we draw. Wash us that we be clean, so that wheresoever we fare in time or eternity, we may be clean souls to invade times or eternities, we pray in Christ. Amen.

We Calm Our Tempest at Thy Cross

WE WORSHIP God. We calm our tempest at His cross. Our fret dies out as we adore the eternal God. His calm shines across our life and penetrates the shadowed places to the farthest, dullest corner, and we are at once bowed down and lifted up. Life comes to regality in our humiliation of it at the cross of God. "Never higher than Thy feet." Even so. We feel it thus and ever feel it so when we worship. Such as think worship of God a debasement of soul, must never have known by illuminated experience the supreme elevation of the act of worship. We are not debased, though we are prostrated.

How canst thou, my soul, look the universe in the eyes, with its immense tangle of interrelated activities and mysterious forces, and then recall how vaster than the system must be the Systematizer, and wiser than the parts must be the Glorious Whole Who made them all and holds them all and is not wearied—how canst thou, my soul, face this stupendous complexity and not bow thy knees and thy heart? God Al-

mighty is so sublime as to qualify the soul that entertains Him.

And He, Almighty God, a Person, the Person, the Housekeeper of the universe, the Spherer of stars and souls, He is our Lord and Redeemer, our Daysman, our God and Father over all. And when we front Him, eternal Sublimity and heart-exalting Personality, who works and wills and loves and fashions souls for the eternal felicities, we must worship, except we be trivial as an unkept garden.

My soul, worship thou the Lord, Thy Lord, and He shall take thy hands in His and call thee by a new name which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.

For that, Lord and Master, even Christ, we bless our God and shall bless Him ever in Christ. Amen.

God Wants Us to Talk to Him

LORD, we bless Thee for the mercy of the place and hour and item of prayer; that God can hear us, that God wants to hear us, that God likes to hear us—this is such a series of gracious benefits as earth holds no recollection of besides. God wants us to talk to Him. And at night the little children put their hands together and say, "Our Father which art in Heaven," and God likes to hear them and listens for them. And the little bits of children say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and God leans close to hear the little children's treble, and smiles in gladness while the child prays. And youthhood, with bounding pulse and laughing heart, calls out jubilantly, like a trumpet's blowing, "Our Father which art in Heaven," and God looks up and listens and is rejoiced. And when grown-up people pray, people with care seaming their faces and seaming their hearts, people on whom the burden comes and who are meeting the burden valiantly, when they pray with the voice of courage and not of despair, "Our Father which art in Heaven," God listens

to them and rejoices in the effectuality of their prayer.

And when people are burdened and sore distressed and know not where to turn, and their weakness is their only strength and they can not battle as they ought and they do not battle when they ought, when their strength goes to pieces and they are ashamed to talk to God and ashamed to talk to anybody, then God says, "Heart, pray a minute; pray." And the burdened, ineffectual man makes his prayer; and God says, "Now I hear you and I will help you. Doubt it not." The people that sorrow, people that wash their hands with the rain of their tears, people who have new-made graveyards, people who are on the way to build monuments for their dear dead beloveds, and they can hear nothing, so loud their sorrow trumpets; then God says, "While you are weeping, pray;" and God hears their prayer. And old folks, with their voices almost hushed to a whisper, and they can not lift up the calling voice like calling across the field of battle—just a whisper or an excess of a whisper—and God does n't miss a word, but comes over and leans close and hears all and answers

all. For these manifested great mercies, for these special providences to our hearts this morning, O God, we give Thee thanks; and we would render love.

We bless Thee that Thou art so close—we do not have to talk loud for God to hear us. There are no thunderings of Niagara's flood nor beat of the billows of the loud, stormy ocean that can quench a single syllable of a contrite heart's prayer. And if we have anything to thank God for out of bleeding hearts, it is this: God hears the sinner pray, and the man who beats on his breast and cries, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and never lifts up his eyes, so shaken is he in his self-confidence; and God hurries down His long hill and catches the lone sinner to His heart and bids that sinner welcome to His home. O God, whatever our state is this morning, in this the house of Thy sanctuary, if we have never prayed before, let us begin this morning, right now. May we all pray. If we used to know how and have forgotten long since, may we begin again this morning. And if our hearts are burdened, may we begin to pray now; and if our hearts are broken, may we begin to pray now. Anyhow, O

God, we pray that Thou wilt beckon us all up to prayer, and may our life this morning be an invocation to the Almighty, and out of our despairing purposes and out of the ineffectuality of our hitherto career, we pray Thee that there come effectuality and strength of service and redeemed vigor and redeemed might, and may we go out of this house like people expecting to meet a foe in triumph and win a fight. We make all our prayers this morning in the name of the great Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Gentle As the Dew, Yet Mighty As the Stormy Wind

LORD of all mercy, we give Thee loving thanks for this day with its consummation of our activities and hopes and prayers. We are come to a glad hour; and it is by Thy grace.

We bless Thee for Thy house, for all its sacred memories to our wounded hearts, for all its holy associations which cluster here, for the babes here consecrated in baptism, for the marriages here celebrated, for the hosts who here join the Church of the First Born which is in Heaven, for the holy sacrament here broken to our souls, for the words of Thy Book and Thy preacher which here fall upon our ears, gentle as the dew, yet mighty as a stormy wind.

We hallow Thy name for this house. May it be what Jesus thought a church ought to be—a house of prayer. May the spirit of prayer possess our souls this day, may God be near and manifest, and may we this day climb a long way up Thy holy hill, for the sake of Christ. Amen.

The Majesty We Are By the Grace of God

LORD CHRIST, hear our prayer. Our needs are a great multitude. We feel our lives a desert stretching far and without fruit or flower or any green and growing thing, except Thy Holy Spirit do give us the early and the later rain. We would fain do and be according to the blessed will of God. We recognize ourselves called with a heavenly calling and to a heavenly calling. We feel the majesty we are, by the grace of God—Thy people who, by Thy help, may do such things as shall make God glad.

Pour Thy help on our hearts, we pray, O Lord Almighty. Make us people of Thy sort. Make us useful, genial lovers of folks, rejoicers in the beautiful, enjoyers of the good, sensitive to the rights of others, never feverish, never peevish, unfretting, unfitful, but reverent, devout, vigorous, vigilant, valiant.

Forgive our sins. Forget them utterly and cleanse us by Thy blood and bring us in due season to Thy holy house in Heaven, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Thy Words Are Worth Remembering

LORD GOD, God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Thou great Lover of the world of women and men, we bless Thee, though it was so long ago Christ climbed Golgotha's Hill and stood on Calvary's top and climbed on Calvary's cross to die for us, yet we can see that cross this morning. Thou art so precious, O God, Thy words are worth remembering. Nothing weights like the words of God at the cross. He died for us of love. O great God, we pray that Thou wouldst vouchsafe to us the tender heart. It grows so near the Passion night—only a few days coming—and we shall come to the Friday of the Crucifixion, Good Friday they call it. It is the best day the world ever knew. Passion Day we call it; it was the heart-break of God. O God of Heaven, God of earth, God of angels, and God of women and of men, we humbly bless Thee at this holy hour that the cross is before our eyes. May we love it, may we rejoice in it. May our hopes take wings this morning, may our souls get up above the smoke of the city and the dust of the streets, up where the

sunlight is eternal, up where no clouds come and blanket the light, up where forever and forever we have good, open vision of the face of God. Put Thine arms about us, keep us together like a family of children. May we all remember with delight we have one Father, even God; we belong in one house, even the Church; we are bound for one eternal resting place, even the Jerusalem of God; we have one mercy seat, one fountain filled with blood, one eternal hope that hath no fading in it nor any glooming toward the dark.

Glory be to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, that there is one family in earth and in Heaven; that we are here for a little, but there for a long while; here we meet and kiss each other on the lips and part, and there we must kiss each other on the lips and never part, thank God. Here we are where the grime is and the hard, humid days and the weary, watchful nights and the feverish breath and the hot and feverish hands and the slow breath and then the dead breath. But there, thank God, on the hills of everlasting life, where no parting is nor any tears nor yet any fingers wet with tears.

Great God, if we love Thee it is not our fault; it is Thy merit. If we love Thee it is because the everlasting love has done so much for us and is working yet. O God, help us this day of grace to get close to Thy heart. Some of God's company are in the hospitals. Bless them this day, and give them a quiet hope and a full and quiet rest and the great recompense of the reward of God. Some are sick otherwheres. Take their heads and lift them from the pillows and kiss them on the cheek and smooth the pillows with Thy hand and say, "Good-day, beloved." Some are gone on missions of sorrow. Be with them while their hearts are aching, speak the word and say, "I am with thee, and will stay with thee to the end of thy journey."

Some people are in hard stress of peril in the fight with sin. Give them the upper hand. Lean, we pray Thee, against their shoulders, so they in turn may lean against Thee. Bless all of us. Give us, we pray Thee, Thy presence, so we may have peace. All the faces here are known to God. Call all by their first name and give them to know that God's love is better than wine. We pray in the name of Christ. Amen.

We Believe We Have An Elder Brother

LORD, we believe in the Sonship of Jesus Christ; we believe we have an Elder Brother; we believe His back is broad, that the muscles of His might are so mighty that nothing is too big for Him to carry; that He does not think loads are much if they are borne for us. O Christ, in whom our faith is fixed and from whom we would not have it waver for a second, bless us with Thy compassion this morning, and may Thy voice which long since was so heartening make us stop a minute and look at God. May the children stop their playing and look at Him. May the hard-handed, toiling man stop his toil a little and look at Him. May the world quit and look at Him this morning.

We pray, Elder Brother, Thou wilt bring our hearts to life and strength, so that we may go into life's good business rejoicing. And may our burdens not break us, but only bend us; and may we be like the tall forest trees that bend in storm, not break, but bend and leap back again up into the sky, bettered, not hurt by the storm. Amen.

God Is Concerned in My Life

PRECIOUS Christ, we would fain realize, with every heart in this company, that God is intimately concerned with each life. Wilt Thou help every tired heart, every strong heart, every weak heart to say, "God is concerned in my life?" If anybody is out of employment, God thinks about that. If anybody does not know which way to turn, God thinks about that. If we are in great moral straits, God thinks about that. If we are in great financial straits, God thinks about that. Is it true, O Lord, that Thou thinkest of me? Are my concerns Thy concerns? Are my heartaches Thy heartaches? Are my studies at school Thy studies? Dost Thou care, truly, about the hardships of a little boy at school, or a little girl at school? Even so it is with Christ. We can not love Thee enough, O Lord, for this amazing benefit. Thou carest about us.

Not anybody has a hidden wound but God cares; not anybody has a hidden joy but God cares. Not anybody finds his way rough and slippery, steep with the climb of the hill and slippery with the storm, but

God cares. We feel like entrusting our life implicitly to a God like this. If God were far off and heedless, if God were cruel and rough of voice to us; if, when we came to Him, bidden or unbidden, He turned from us and was busy about other things, then indeed we might be forgiven if we did not lay our lives at the foot of His cross; but when He invites us to come to Him, when He runs out to meet us on the road, when He puts His tender hands on our hurt hearts and spirits, when He whispers words of encouragement and consolation to us when our nerves are so rasped and irritated we can not listen to the loud-spoken word, if He be such we must love Him.

O Lord, for what Thou art, and how Thou givest to us, for Thy provisions of abundant grace, for Thy outpouring of Thyself for ourselves, we bless Thee to-night. It is stormy, but Thou art in the storm; the wind is wild, but Thou art above the wild wind; Thou art with us. And if there is anybody in this presence to-night (Thy presence, this presence is) who has the wildest storm in his life that ever blew across the lake in winter time in winter's prime, Lord God, make that soul

competent to breast the storm and play the man or woman through all. We trust to Thy goodness, that is all; we will lean upon Thy leading, and will go whither Thou goest, and by and by Thou wilt go with us down the incline of life, and through the shady vale, and up the bright other side and onward, onward, yet onward, into eternal life. Amen.

Our Humiliation Is Our Exaltation

LORD, we bow the knee to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is our exaltation to humble ourselves at His feet. It is our joy, even our inexpressible delight, to be permitted to tell Him we love Him, and we humbly pray for grace to love Him more. We come not with the language of complaint upon our lips, but with words of thanksgiving, calling upon His name.

We bless Thee for the toil of the week. Labor is good. We have found it a safeguard for our souls. We have not had enforced idleness. We have with hand, heart,

lip, and pen been permitted to toil. Our lives have not been listless. We have had occupation. We pray for those who have not labor to-day. Give them, we pray Thee, the heart and the purpose to secure it.

We bless Thee for this day and this house. It is God's Sabbath. The day is beautiful exceedingly. We have rest after toil. The hint of autumn is in the air and sky, and the gold is touching the leaf.

Thy house, teach what it is. How blessed our privilege to come to its altars and partake of its benefits. Keep us, we pray Thee, hale and free from spiritual debility, and may our lives be brawny-armed and rugged-handed and full-hearted, and may the grace of God qualify us for toil in service and make our service commensurate with our strength, we pray Thee in Christ. Amen.

Praise For Every Incitement to Good

O LORD GOD, we bless Thee for Thy abundant mercies; for every incitement we have ever had to be good; for every good companionship that has ever passed across the way we took; for everybody who has ever loved us; for our fathers and our mothers; for our school days and our school friendships; for our larger life of man and woman; for the struggles we have had; for the hard times—they have done us good.

We are in no mood of complaint with God, because the way He has fetched us along has been a good way; it has been uphill, and the vision has increased, and the hill is high, but O, the vision is enchanting.

We thank Thee heartily to-night that God loved us so as to trust us with a great trust; that God loved us so as to put us hard at work and give us a big job; we thank Thee that He has found us worthy to entrust some higher matter to us afterwhile. We are not worthy, we are not very much account, but we are worthy Thou thinkest, and we are exalted therein, and we are exulting about it; and Thou hast told us that

Thou wilt show us great things. We believe. We would walk in Thy footsteps; we would listen to Thy voice; we would follow where Thy face goes before us, and would not be afraid.

Gracious Christ, Thou hast been sweeter to us than our sweetest friend; and tenderer with us than our mothers when our fathers were dead, and our mother was father and mother to us, both—and Thou hast been sweeter and tenderer to us than that. Thou hast forgotten a good deal we would not have Thee remember; Thou hast overlooked a good deal Thou hast seen; Thou hast blotted out a good many things with Thy blood, and then, Thou hast blotted a good many things out with Thy tears—thanks be to God for the tears of Christ, and for the blood of Him! And we would accept, gratefully and graciously, and with great exultancy of heart and purpose, what God has seen fit to do for us.

O God, this prayer we would offer in a word for this congregation, for this Church, for this community, that every one of us may be glad to let God do for us what He can do and wants to do. Make us holy folks by the application of the blood of

Christ, "which speaketh better things than that of Abel."

Guide us unto worthfulness, and away from all unworthiness; and after awhile bring us where we can labor at Thy labor with psalm-singing, forever and forever, in the name of Christ. Amen.

Great Things Are Happened to Us

LORD, now are we the sons of God. Great things are happened to us. We thought ourselves impoverished, like orphans of soldiers slain in fratricidal war, when lo! we found us loved, planned for, exalted, brothers to princes, clad in purple, reigning among kings—we learn we are the King's sons and daughters, and our faces shine and our hearts grow glad. We are God's sons. That word entices us. We bless Thee for God our Father. We want no more. We would not forget our high relationship. Keep us from being blemishes at Thy feast of charity. Keep us close to the compensating great God. Let Thy face shine morning into our eyes and

hearts. Give us grace, plenty of it, for the day whose stress we meet. Inhabit our heart, O Holy Spirit. Flame on our heart's altar and consume the sacrifice, Thou Fire from Heaven. Be in our life's courtesies like a kindly fire upon a homely hearth. We are not worthy. We have never been so dull as to estimate worthiness when once we have looked at Thee, but Thou art condescending, and our Christ has called us friends. So stay with us, enlighten our eyes, lest we sleep the sleep of the dead. Breathe on our heavy eyelids, so that we be not asleep when our transfiguration bursts upon us, the ecstasy of the ages and the joy of life.

Wake my memory, lest I forget, lest I forget. Hear this prayer for the sake of Christ. Amen.

Prayer-Hearer, Thou Art Prayer-Answerer

O LORD, we thank Thee for Thy promise that when we call Thou wilt answer us. We lean hard on that promise. We need it so much. We are ourselves in ourselves so insufficient. Our behavior is so unsatisfactory even to us; and we are not of the finest mode of make-up in ethical matters. And because our weaknesses are so clamant, and because our misbehaviors are so many, and because our foresight is so unsatisfactory, and because we need God more than we need air to breathe or water to drink, we are so grateful that God will answer us when we call upon Him. O Prayer-Hearer, we thank Thee that Thou art Prayer-Answerer also. We thank Thee that never a tear leaps from the eye but Thou dost note the call that is in it; never an anguish leaps from the heart but Thou dost note the prayer that is in it; never a mother leans over the face of her sick child but Thou hearest her anguish, though it be unspoken. Never a father calls out to God with a great cry, like a shipwrecked

man on a mast calls for his besotted boy and wayward boy, but his God hears him. Never a sick man or woman in solitude or penury who asks Thee for aid that God does n't hear and answer. It is so blessed to have a God like this. Our hearts need Him. Our flesh crieth out after Him. Our weaknesses demand Him; our strengths affirm Him. What we need is God to hear us. What we need is God to help us. Great God, Thou art the God for the weak and for the erring. We bless Thee for that, and shall bless Thee forever. Amen.

Great Kinsman of Our Hearts

THOU Great Kinsman of the earth, Thou blood relative of everybody's heart, Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Father of mankind, we come to Thee, so glad because we have the chance. We are not unmindful that we have not used our chances as we ought. Thou hast told us if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God; and we have been so unwise we have n't asked of God at all. We know our weakness; we know our insufficiency; we know our lack of faith; we know our lack of wisdom. But a touch of wisdom is in our hearts, and we come to God our Father.

We are so grateful He has ever told us He loves us. We ought to have learned it without the telling, but we did n't. And He sent His only Son, our Elder Brother, to tell us that God loves us more than anybody could tell, more than anybody could imagine. O great Kinsman of our hearts, we love Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee. We come to our knees because we can not stand in Thy presence; we touch

our lips in the dust. Thou art so mighty and so true and so clean and so precious. Thou art the God of love; Thou art the God of light; Thou art the God of glory; and Thou art our kinsman, O God.

Some of us have forgotten that our kinsman was God. Some of us have forgotten that we were the offspring of the Almighty. Some of us have forgotten that we were fitted to sing the music of Paradise forever. Some of us have forgotten that we were meant to have clean hands and clean hearts. Some of us have forgotten that we were to love God out of a rich nature richly, and to count all things but loss if we could get the name of God and wear it for eternity. O Great Kinsman, come close to us. Our journey is set to Thee; our faces are Thy way; our feet are journeying towards Thee; our hands reach to Thee; our needs call Thy name; our strength is in Thy might; our hopes want the uplift of the look of Thy face; our hearts, O our hearts, need the beating against them of the heart of the infinite pity and the infinite love. O Kinsman, bless us this morning. May people that never got to God before get to God to-day. O that we may all catch the

accent of the voice of God, and put the stress where He puts it, and put little stress where He leaves stress out.

O God of Heaven and earth, God of sinful folks, God of wicked folks, God of erring folks, get our head against Thy shoulder and our cheek against Thy face, and our hand in Thy pierced hand; O give us, we pray Thee, first hand the sense of the sons and daughters of God. O God, reach out to us in some new fashion, call out to us with some new voice, put some new tincture of tears into Thy calling to us, and some new rapture into Thy hands, and some new wonder in Thy calling, and some new grip into Thy fingers, we pray Thee, so that somebody may want to hear Thee this morning. O God, we urge our way to Thee; our little selves hinder us, our lack of faith hinders us, our lack of good intentions hinders us, and our pettiness and our peevishness hinder us. O this morning we would put them all under foot, by the help of God, and climb up the hill that hath a cross planted on its top. Give to old hearts that have loved Thee a long while renewed rapture and new peace, and give to young Christians the uplook that comes from

standing on the hill of God; give them, we pray Thee, the sense of the calm of the strength of the Almighty. And come to any heart that knoweth not the Christ and the Father of our Christ, and give to it the desire to have Him and have Him now. In the name and for the sake of Christ. Amen.

Every Day a Fresh Renunciation of Self

LORD, we bless Thee that no winter is harsh enough with its severities of frosts to nip the flowers that bloom in the heart, because the Heaven breath is warmer than the earth breath. Give us, we pray Thee, every day a fresh renunciation of self and a fresh pronouncement for God and a fresh love and tenderness for all men and women everywhere, and a wild gust of holy passion in our heart which has come from God and loves the whole world, so that we never forget it. O Lord, bless the friendless, bless the weary, bless the people who are in very hard places. Bless the people that have not any God to speak of. Bless the people that do not know that God is almighty and equal to their need. Bless all people everywhere; them that wander on the strange desert where there is no growing of any vegetation or blooming of flower. Hunt them up, as Thou didst long ago hunt up stray lambs from the fold of the sheep on the lonely places. Take Thy shepherd's crook in Thy hand this morning and go wherever the lonely

cry of the lost sheep of the house of Israel is heard and bring them back this day.

Bless our house of worship. Bless every house of worship. Bless everybody who is talking about the great love of Christ this day. May we federate our might for the great cause of God, and may all who love our cause rejoice this morning with joy unspeakable that they have a chance to do something for God. So enswathe us with the spring airs of Heaven and give us visions of the spring horizon and the spring landscape, and may our hearts rejoice that God is very good and that He loves us and will love us to the end, Amen.

A Week Nearer Eternity

O LORD GOD, we are mindful that we are a week nearer death, and, with the hope imbibed in this Thy presence, we are a week nearer to eternity. We have been going faster than we thought. Life races and will not wait for us. O God, urge this thought into everybody's heart: How have I spent my week? Have I behaved as a man ought; have I behaved as a woman ought? Has my life been just and a sweet breath inspiring others to be brave and have good courage? Have I worked right hard at what I ought to work hard at? Have I kept away from the things that hurt my soul? O God, urge that thought on our hearts. So many of us, because we have not been doing things that are radically wrong and radically wicked, think ourselves to be praised; but we do not think of this: "Have I kept away from that which hurts my soul?" O Lord, baptize us, we pray, with the sensitive spirit, so we can see what we ought not to do, where we ought not to go, with what companionships we ought not fraternize.

O God, as the sensitive plant feels the

touch of even a child's finger and closes up, both flower and plant, may our hearts feel the least touch of repugnant evil, and may we close our life against coarse companionship or lewd friends. O help us every day; we can not get along without Thee. Sometimes we try and fail, and we do not do the best; but without God to chasten our spirits, and without God to help us to the right use of things, without God to enlighten our spiritual vision, and without God to walk with us and teach us the sweetest literature of life, and without God to take our hands in His and so teach us the beautiful art of handshaking, and without God to watch us and give us sweet, courageous courage, without God with us we will not do very well; but with God with us, O life shall bloom like the spring fields and have perfume like the spring flowers and have radiance like the fields of June.

Great God, come across everybody's life like the early winds come across the fields at spring time, and make all of us in this company feel that God is present to fill our life and fashion our song. If anybody here has left a little baby asleep in the cradle at home, God bless the baby; and

if anybody has a baby lying asleep in the grave, God bless the empty hearts of life and leave the father and mother this holy truth, that God carries all little sleeping babies on His breast and kisses them awake forever and forever with the wonder of His lips. Hear our prayer, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Face to Face With God at Every Turn

LORD of Heaven and Earth, blessed be Thy name. At every turn of our thought we are brought face to face with God. We can not evade Him if we would, and surely we would not if we could. On all the roads of life God walks, exultant, free. To think is to become confirmed theist. How shall we explain anything except through God? The grass blade striving with effortless striving through the hard ground, puts us in an intellectual corner. A feather from the humblest bird defeats our weightiest braininess. Not one of even the insignificant things are we

competent to explain. Men created in Thy image have done wondrously, have climbed the star-clustered heavens but have explained nothing. They can not. At our human best we are simply observers of the fact.

Phenomena we recognize. Mysteries we can consider with wrinkled foreheads, but that is all. No further do we proceed. Why seeds grow, why those trivial things hid in the earth have a passion for the sky, we do not know. They have. There we rest the case. Except there be a God, all this universe is agnostic, dubious, drowsed like a drunkard's brain. Much have we traveled in the sunset lands of biology and much learned, but yet know not the origin of life nor any why of human being. We are perplexed, defeated, yet invited.

Lord, Thou art the End of all our attempted explanatories. We find Thee or we find nothing. How glorious that we may find Thee, the living and true God, the loving and companionable God, in our own hearts! The hunt is not far, but very strangely near. Blessed be God in Christ. Amen.

Because of All Thou Art and Dost, We Bless Thee

BECAUSE Thou art good and doest good to all such as will receive Thy benefits, we bless Thee, Lord: because Thou hast reserves of power which have no possibility of exhaustion, we bless Thee: because the angels, when set beside Thee, are not pure, we hallow Thy holy name: because Thy nature gives moral law to the universe of intelligent beings, we bless Thee: because, though Thou art high beyond all thought, Thou considerest it not condescension to be our Friend, we glorify Thee: because Thy mercies are quiet as the dewfall and continuous as the daylight, we thank Thee: because Thy thoughts are higher than our thoughts, we thank Thee with high thanksgivings: because redemption is Thy plan, measureless and free, we hallow Thee by day and by night: because we, though weak as the blowing grass, may become strong as the sublime mountains, we magnify Thee: because the weakest of us may have the refuge of prayer and find answers of nearness and strength, we thank God with

yearning hearts: because eternity is Thy lifetime and we are built on an immortal plan and meant of Thee to be Thy companions while the rest of Thy eternity endures, we call upon our depths to glorify God: because our sins may be forgiven and blotted out, as by the sea, we thank Thee; for we know our utter need of absolution: because Thou hast made the Mercy Seat available everywhere and for everybody, we hallow Thy name: because we feel immortality tugging at our souls, we thank Thee: because the Triune God is a revelation, and not a discovery, we thank God, who made the revelation: because the Father loves us and the Son died for us and the Holy Spirit witnesses to our sonship, we laud and bow down: because God is the one Requisite for time and for eternity, we bless Thee: because as we live longer we become gladder in the mercies and presence of the Savior, we thank Thee: because our chiefest glory lies before, we greatly rejoice in Thyself.

We know not how to praise Thee according as Thou shouldst be praised; but we desire to praise Thee with our every faculty and to waken our temple of soul

to such halleluiah choruses as the shining angels sing.

Wherein we fail in this high endeavor pardon us and help us to mount higher each time we attempt the flight called praise and prayer; we pray in Christ. Amen.

Thou Dost Beleaguer the Soul With Invitations

MY GOD, I am not my own, but am bought with a price; nor would I be my own a single moment; for to be Thine is blessed to the point of glory. Thou settest the solitary soul in families of holy hopes and efforts confederated for the world's good. Thou dost beleaguer the soul with invitations to be great, being good. No right man liveth to himself. That sore solitude would slay him. He liveth to man and God, and is God's friend; and into the confidence of God he steps as if he were an equal. Surely, O Lord, Thou art the Lifter-up of my head. Hear my magnificat also. Let me interrupt Thee morning, evening,

and at noon with thanksgivings and the broken expressions of a penitent affection. Make my life big with purposes that shall be Christlike, and qualifications that Thy Holy Spirit may inspire and then approve; and activities which shall be as full of Thee as budding and leafing trees are full of sap. Make me conscious, moment by moment, while life's lamp keeps its little flame alight—make me conscious that I belong to the family of God, and bear the family likeness and am intrusted with the family honor; and may I, by Thy helpful grace, keep that honor unspotted before the world. And my prayer is made in the name of my Savior, my Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Preach to Us the Cross This Morning

O LORD GOD, we bless Thee for the cross. It is the surest anodyne that ever came to alleviate suffering human life; it is the greatest life expounder that ever preached a doctrine in our hungry ears; it is the greatest preacher of justice that ever opened up the way of life and told us the story of the righteousness of God; it is the greatest preacher of profound truth that ever cared to come and closet itself with our poor life.

O God, preach to us the cross this morning, and may ALL of us "glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." May we glory in it, living or dying; in business calamity or success; in homes of felicity or in our broken home where ruin is, where once there used to be delight. Wherever we are, or whatever we may be, may we have the company of the cross of the Christ, and may we have the uplift of the love and the mercy of the Christ; and may we glory in the Cross of Christ, now and forever. Amen.

Keep Us From Frothing Our Lives Away

LORD GOD of our fathers and ourselves, we laud Thy name that Thou art love and that as Thou didst love them so Thou dost love us and wilt love our children. Thy name is love. Precious name, O how sweet! We feel ourselves at home in Thy heart. There is no winter there, only always abundant June. Hope blooms in our lives because we know that whatsoever we do and wheresoever we be, Thy tenderness is there and Thy gentleness shall make us great.

Help us that we answer to the kind imperative of Thy love. Keep us from frothing our lives away on things unworthy. Keep us loyally facing the future with glad hearts and strong hearts. May we do good, making chances if we do not find them. Keep us to the holy vocation of our Savior so that we shall go about doing good. Forgive our sins, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Our Proprietor Is God

LORD, we thank Thee that we have full assurance that we belong to God. He is not only the Author and Finisher of our faith, but likewise the Author and Finisher of our being. We thank Thee that our Proprietor is God; and while it is bitterly true, we may take ourselves out of the hands of Him who made us and Him who loved us and Him who loves us yet and Him who died for us, but rather that lives again for us; and yet this does not hinder the fact that we are born sons of God. He built our minds; He framed our hearts; He contrives eternity; He dowered us with immortality so that we might keep step with Him forever.

We rejoice to know that we are built on so wide and high a plan that nobody but God could have built us. We are told in God's Book that we are the tabernacles for the Holy Ghost; we are God's meeting-houses; we are God's cathedrals; we are meant of Him to live for Him. There is nothing insignificant in the way He has built our life. O God, Thou hast wrought Thy strange, intricate workings through the

centuries to convince us that we belong to Heaven and not to earth alone. That we belong to God more than we do to men or to ourselves. And this morning we would find our complacent compliance with God's plan by being Thine, entirely Thine. We would give ourselves to God as God has given ourselves to us. We would give ourselves to God as God has given Himself in us. We would give ourselves to God as God has given Himself for us. We know no lordlier program for the soul's career than belonging wholly unto Him who made us and to Him who made us for Himself. We rejoice this morning above all our words' power to say it that we belong to God. And may that be our first allegiancy, as it ought to be our eternal alliance in Christ. Amen.

Everybody Has His Empty Chair

LORD God Almighty, we love Thee and bless Thee, and pray for this Church —these folks, these men and women with their toils and cares, these men and women with their ups and downs, these men and women that must drink their wine mixed with wormwood and gall, these people that have their flesh flayed and frayed as if beaten upon with scorpion's lashes — God bless them. They have troubles enough. Everybody has his hid sorrow of the heart, his darkened room, his empty chair, his pressed flower in a book, his heartache, his struggle with himself. O God, help us all to play the part of men and women; to do Thy will; to love Thy work; to serve Thy cause; to walk by faith; to be wholesome and winsome; to be sweet and benignant, courteous and faithful, sure in fidelity, upright in walk, chaste in conversation, holy in sobriety, beautiful in piety —lacking cant and hypocrisy, but possessing Godliness, which is more gladsome than the smiling of a day in Summer time when the skies are fair. Help us to be folks like that, in Christ. Amen.

In the Midst of All, Thy Mercy

THANKS to the great Lord that, in the midst of personal bereavements, in the midst of national calamities, in the midst of urban disasters, in the midst of the accumulation of business catastrophes, we thank Thee for Thy mercy. We thank Thee that we have not lost much, though we have lost all if we have kept God. He is so gracious, so tender, so true, so merciful, so perfect, so glorious. We have Him this morning, so our tune is mercy.

God of every goodness, God of every sunrise, God of every spring time, bless us this morning with prayerful hearts. Bless the loves of our life if they are loves of God. Bless us all with outlook of sympathetic heart and tender consideration for the woes and weals of others, and grant, we pray Thee, O Lord, that our journey here may be gladsome in the midst of tears, and that our tears may be gently wiped away by the hand of God, and that the song we have sung here a little to the tune of praise, we may sing afresh in the land of God forever, with great volume of praise and rejoicing, we pray in the name of the Christ. Amen.

Give Us the Thews of Maturity

LORD of the Morning Watch, we feel Thee near. Thy hand is on us. We see Thee in momentous providences and in the trivial tides which ebb and flow noiseless as sunset. We rejoice that, whether we consider Thee or not, Thou abidest and hast regnancy. Thou art God over all, blessed for evermore.

We bless Thee for this high thought. It is very high, yet we fain would measure up to it. Help us to be Thy women and Thy men. We have been little children long enough. We are grown tall. May it be that we have grown brawny. Give us the thews of maturity. It suffices that we were children. May it rejoice us to be full grown folks now.

Thy now is on us. We feel its hot breath on our faces. It seizes us with an iron hand. We belong to Thy now, Thy majestical now, Thy sweaty now, Thy alarming and yet Thy assuring now. May we measure girth with the to-day's needs and to-day's outlook, and may we feel not the fever but the fervor of vast moods of Thy vast providence, which proceeds while

we wake and while we sleep, but, blessed be God, proceeds.

Take us into such high and heavenly moods as are born of God and last forever, we pray in Christ our Savior and our King. Amen.

May Our Cavilings Cease

O BLESSED GOD, we bless Thee in our hearts and with our lips for the peace of God that passeth all understanding. And if there is anybody in this house that needs it much, may he have it most; if there is anybody in this house that has been content without it, O may some reasonable discontent seize him like a passion, and may he this moment get the peace of God that passeth all understanding. Teach it to all our hearts. May our cavilings cease. May our peevishness come to us no more. May our anger waste away from our hearts like purpling from the clouds. And may there stay with us to-day and to-morrow and all to-morrows henceforth the peace of God which passeth all understanding. We pray for Christ's sake. Amen.

Easier to Sing Since Christ Came

WE PRAISE our blessed Lord for how people are filled with the ecstasy of the Cross of God and the Christ of God. It is easier to be good than it was before Christ came. It is easier to wipe tears away than it was before Christ came. It is easier to sing than it was before Christ came. It is easier to hope than it was before Christ came. It is easier to climb the rocky mountain way called life than it was before Christ came. The Valley of the Shadow of Death is not so dark as it was before Christ came. O Christ, all the landscape of life and death and eternity is shining over and shining through with illuminative and triumphal glory since Thou hast come. And, honestly, it seems to our hearts this morning as though the path over the journey of life is filled with splendor. Thou hast taken the sting out of death and the shadow away from the grave, and the sorrow out of so many hearts. Thou hast put into our hearts the peace unspeakable and full of Thy glory. O God of the Christmas, put us in tune with Thy melody this morning. May all of us love

anybody who is not so well circumstanced as we. God brings Christmas to the world; may our hearts talk out loud this Christmas. And may everybody see to it that his hand has a gentle touch. It is the time Christ came. O Christ, with Thy Summer in Thine eyes; O Christ, with Thy laughter in Thine heart; O Christ, with the resurrection in Thy hand; O Christ, with Thy eternal life for the look and for the asking, we bring radiant voices up to Thy throne and bring Thee our praises. Take them from our lips and hearts, and teach us the road to God and to Heaven, now, henceforth, and forever. We ask in the name of Christ. Amen.

Lord, Thou Art Better Than a Dreamless Night to Rest the Soul

LORD, how are they decreased that trouble me. How few things fret my spirit since I came to know Thee better. Thou hast been better than a dreamless night to rest my soul. Thou hast been working in my heart. I feel Thy gardening. I know the signs of Thy ministry, though when Thou didst work in my heart I might not have known. That Thou hast worked, I know full well. The troubles have sometimes seemed a very great troop—a multitude no man could number. I watched their swift advance and was dispirited. I felt defeat before the enemy drew near. The cloud of dust of his distant chariots and marching men made me sore afraid. I was of the psalmist's mind, "How are they increased that trouble me!"

And Thou, my God, hast come. I have had Thee in my life. I have had Thee for my fast Friend; and lo, my troublers have withdrawn as I have seen black storm clouds, full tempestuous, and terrible with

the lightning and the thunder and the seeming of cyclonic motion, to turn and wheel with wild speed from their dire direction toward my little door; and lo, in a little, the sky was clear.

Lord, for such as Thou art to my tempest-ridden heart, I bless Thee with jubilant note. The storms have lost their frenzy and their fear to me. Thou art my Tower and firm Fortress. Whom should I fear, or what?

I am now in the glad company of the unalarmed. Swords frighten me no more, nor rumors of invaders manifold. Fear has no place when Safety dwells with me. Thou art my Safety, my Lord, and my King. I watch Thy face as a child watches its father's face as the storm approaches; and on seeing the father smile as the storm clouds muster and advance, the child is satisfied and goes on with its play. Even so I with Thee, O Lord, my Father. All's safe when God is around. Blessed be our God forever in the Beloved. Amen.

Lord of the Mountains, Hear Our Prayer

LORD, we see Thy mountains—brawny, lifted up, girded with clouds, clung to by the pines and perfumed by them, crowned with endless Winter, roofed with stars. To such mountain ranges are we greatly beholden, O God. Earth's fertile places are irrigated by these lonely eminences. Earth's unrelated provinces are knit together by the far-seeing plans of God. The rivers farthest from the mountains and nearest the sea are beholden to the hidden heights whence they had their sources.

How strong Thy mountains are, O God! How their aspirings touch our lowland levels with their vast surprise! How they crowd our lesser thoughts aside and step into our soul-landscape with assured supremacy and calm and matchless energy! We are taught to be greater than we were by such acclivities as Thou hast made. Glory be to God, that by any means Thou kindlest the fires of our heavenly life. The mountains are Thine, eternally Thine. They can not become our fields of tillage. They

can not be subjugated to wear man's petty yoke. They are kinsmen of the sky and fenced off from our plow and grain by the Winter which never wastes and is never vanquished by the Spring. And our souls mind their lordliness—the landscape climbing in its blind aspirings to partnership with stars.

Our Lord, Lord of mountains and Maker of them, we thank Thee for how Thou hast man ever in Thy recollection. His helping is ever Thy high aim. He is never far from Thy remembrance. As a mother in her sleep remembers her child, even so art Thou with this weakling of Thine called man. He ever neighbors with Thy heart. And Thou beckonest to him by Thy mountains. How good Thou art to seize all hands wherewith to beckon to our infirm purposes! Thou callest with Thy clouds and their aerial majesties.

Help us, O Lord, to hear Thy mountain summons. Help us to aspire. We are on the low ground, truly; but by the mountains comes our summons to the levels of the dawns. So may we leap to Thy zenith. Our heights are Thine. Claim all our soul for Thyself, blessed Lord, Thou Moun-

tain Height Sublime so that we may become and stay promontories of earth climbing out into the upper seas of Thy far spaces whose other shore is God. Amen.

For the Laughter Thou Hast Put Into Our Lives

WE PRAISE Thee for the joy of the Lord, and for the genuine laughter Thou hast put into our lives. We love and laugh because we live. Thou hast made rejoicing germane to our spirits. Paul said, "I joy and rejoice with you all," and he was quite human in this laughing, singing mood. Give us the sunshine of spirit and countenance, such as are ours by right of our relationship to God. Keep us from moping along the journey as if we were God's invalids; but may we the rather have the springing step and bounding heart which characterize and equip the soul whose life is hid with Christ in God! We would sing unto the Lord and make merry, for that we are His, and not life nor death nor any other creature can

separate us from the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Make us redolent of hope and cheer and Summer with its skies of blue and its fields of gold, and bring us along our way laughing as children who can not tell the reason of their laughter, only that they are glad. The joy of the Lord is our strength.

We worship Thee as always through the Christ. Amen.

GREAT CHRIST, have compassion on our weakness, and our wickedness, and our erring; compassionate our inefficiency, compassionate our insignificance. If we were not so little maybe we would be wiser, maybe we would be better. We intend to be good, but do n't work at it. O God, baptize us this beautiful morning with the responsive nature, so that God can find His way with us. And as a boat loosened from the chain at the shore answers to the beckoning of the wind and the wave, and goes whithersoever the wind and the wave go, so may our hearts answer to the beckoning of God. And the winds of God blow upward and the waves of God go upward. This morning bring our hearts up toward God, and then, O Lord, bring our hearts up to God.

Some of us are weighed down with care and sorrow; and some of us have death knocking at the door; and with some of us death has just gone out with the thing we loved the most; and some of us are in great joy and are in the especial peril of the selfishness of the joyful heart; and some of us

are in great weeping and in peril of the selfishness of the weeping heart; and some of us have something to do and are in the peril of the selfishness of the occupied heart; and some of us have nothing to do and are in the peril of the selfishness of the unoccupied life. O God, wilt Thou not deliver us from all these perils? Bring us close to God. Some of us are scattered away by lake, river, or sea, or mountain, or journeys across waters, or out picknicking for a few days to rest our weariness to recuperation, and some of us are gone on business trips; but O God, wheresoever the rest are, bless them all. May they not forget God or the Church; and let them not forget that God and the Church remember them. Bless us here. Bless all who worship here every Sabbath. O Lord, increase Thy dominion over them. Bless all strangers and those who look on unaccustomed faces and surroundings. May the Lord make them feel at home with us. And give us all the grace that quiets the heart and takes the fever from the pulse, and give us the unspeakable calm that comes from God, we pray in the name of Christ. Amen.

We Bless Thee Always

LORD, we bless Thee always. Our hearts leap with joy at every thought of Thyself. That Thou art our Judge gives us joy wide and deep. We know that our judgment shall be just; that in nothing will it be hasty or perverted, but ever shot through and through with mercy infinite. Thou wilt and dost know us. The weakness against which we strive Thou understandest, and Thou will reckon with it; and the struggle we make to be masters of that weakness Thou wilt count and credit to our account. Men can not do so. They must take us as we are. The irredeemable is on our behaviors. To men we can not explain, though in our querulousness we are apt to complain; but Thou knowest us ALTOGETHER. Thanks be to God for this wise assurance. We are not parables to God; we are not inexplicable contradictions to our Judge. He who loves us, He who redeemed us, He who washed us from our sins in His most precious blood, He judges us. Why should we not rejoice? We shall have fair play. We shall be dealt with in such wise as that every tongue of

complaint shall be set at silence. We feel our safety. Though we know not how we shall meet the final day nor every day, we joy that it is with our God we meet it. We rely on Him in Christ. Amen.

The Almighty Is Our Recourse

O BLESSED, blessed Father in Heaven, for Thy mercies and for Thy beneficence to us unworthy, we thank Thee. Does God want to come and go with me? Yes. Will God delight in being my traveling companion? Yes. Will He take me up the long hill? Yes. Will He bring me out with unspeakable joy? Yes. Glory be to God for such unspeakable gifts. And we remember since we have the Almighty as our recourse and our resource, none of us must miss being men as we ought to be because of Thy counsels and Thy kindnesses; and let us feel as though we must grip Thee tight by the hand when the night is slippy and the night is dark, and bring us at last with great glee to be companions of God forever, and forever with Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Pre emption of Us By God

WE BLESS the living and the loving God that He has made our religious appetencies so deep-seated. They center in the soul and the soul centers in them. We can not be quit of them. In hell, should we reach such dire destination, we shall lift up our eyes. We shall, though damned, know there is a Heaven lost, not gained, but know we were meant for it. The last atom of our life is impregnated with the Godward impulse. We are as the wide ocean which is caught in a wild impulse to ascend the shore. It has no hazard; we are full of hazard: it can but climb the shore to which its heavenly impulse drives; we can resist and stay narrowed in our underworld.

But we bless Thee unspeakably for this pre-emption of us by Thyself in such significant fashion. It is very wonderful. Our depths cry out for God and to God. Our shallows are irreverent, careless, prayerless; but our depths are reverent, thoughtful, prayerful. We bless Thee we are not all shallows. We have unplumbed depths; we have not fathomed our real, effectual na-

tures, but we do know that in their far depths God is the Sovereign Essence and Establisher of holy order. We are created for God. Glory be to God for that radiant consideration. That gives us a little real self-respect. We can endure ourselves better, knowing our least self is lit with the heavenly lamp, and our largest self is shined upon by the morning sun. Thou, Lord, who hast gifted us so, help us to use and not to misuse this heavenly treasure. Help us to be Thine, valiantly, definitely, devotedly to the end that we should glorify our Father which art in Heaven, whose image we bear, and whose likeness we may shine forth through enduring years, we pray in Christ our Lord. Amen.

We Wearily Climb to Thee

WE wearily climb to Thee, O Christ. We are footsore and our backs ache and our shoulders bleed and our brains stagger like wounded men and our hearts hurt so. We are the women and men of the mart and the field. We have each our own stock of cares and heavy, unwieldy burdens. We are not come to Thee, our Holy Master, with the language nor the luggage of complaint. Far from it. But we hurt so. Our hands leave finger prints of blood on the things they handle. We are sore pressed and our strength grows faint.

We come to Thee, not complaining, but calling. We need the Almighty God, and in Thee we have Him. We want the rest of God and we want the might of God. We do not falter under the burden nor anger at the pain, but we lack the valor and the fortitude and the unhesitant advance. We are like soldiers who, when they climb the hill against the plunge of shot and reach of bayonets at the breast, stagger a moment and are in peril of going backward, forfeiting all the glory and the

access of the advance. We cry to our Captain. We would measure up to the needs of this world and the needs of the Kingdom of God. And how can we? These things are mightier than we. To say that our strength was sufficient would be to give the lie to all the experience of the most gifted and vigorous souls. We are such as can see the higher and aspire toward their holy hill, but can not attain to it. It climbs where dawns are begotten and where glory has its dwelling place. We want to come hither. Our feet would attempt the glorious ascent. But we are not able.

Hence our cry is to Thee, Lord of the many mornings. Help, O help, and fail not. Give us Thy eager and undimmed delight in finishing the work committed to our hands. Thou didst not falter. Thou hadst breakings of the heart to which we are not heirs, because we are not fine in soul as Thou wast, and the vast pains saber the sensitive, ethical and spiritual natures. Thou wast in the midst of all this which breaks upon us like the rush of swords, and Thou didst not turn back. Thou madest the forward march which

eventuated in the saving of the world. Thou knowest how and Thou hast the reserves better than ten legions of angels. We invoke Thy help. We want to climb on and toil on and be kinsmen of the overcomers who have their rendezvous in Heaven.

Therefore we wearily climb to Thee. The meeting with our Elder Brother will, without doubt, bring us inundations of valor and victory.

O Lamb of God, we come, we come. Amen.

We Glory in Thy Cross

AND Thou, who art the blessed God, art Author of the Blessed Life, as is fitting. Our life is become as Thine, for are we not made partakers of the Divine nature? We glory in the cross—Thy cross. Its height sublime lifts like the majesty of God, only sweet with tenderness and shoreless compassion. We thank Thee humbly yet boldly for what Thou hast brought to us of strength and courage and balm and ministry and meaning to

life, and swiftness of movement in all those things which make for the bettering of the world. We love Thy ways and Thy words. We love our brethren in the Christ. Their presence does us good as doth a medicine. We long for all the fullness of God. Lead us up and out. Bring us into close fraternity with whatsoever things are pure, honest, and of good report.

Make our love for God increasingly apparent. May our religion be wholesomely human as well as graciously divine! Lead us all along our way. Know the way we take, and we will trust Thee to guide us aright, nor complain what circuit the journey makes.

We love Thee, and would ask for grace to love Thee more; for art not Thou, O Christ, the desire of all nations? And to Thee shall all flesh come.

Receive our praises and our love, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

A Blessing on Our Holy Ventures, Lord

LORD, we remember that Thy blessing maketh rich, and we would therefore house our personality in Thy benediction. All we have ever loved, so be they housed yet beneath the stars, bless them; all who have in their gracious kindness loved us, if yet alive, bless them; all those to whom in Thy good Providence we have been a blessing, bless them; all who have in that same beautiful Providence been a benefit and ministration of God to our souls, bless them; all the little children who at our hands have had holy baptism, bless with Thy abiding presence and abiding help; all we have preached to in these blessed years of ministry as Thy spokesman, bless and refrain not therefrom; all persons we have come upon by chance in journey or in social life, bless; all who have valued our words in days of stress and bitter grief, bless; all shamed souls to whom we have stretched out, in the name of Christ, Savior of the lost, a hand of tenderness and help, bless them; all who have read our printed words and have found a

better leading from their visitation, bless; all the ways we have taken by brain or heart or visiting from house to house and heart to heart, with an eye single to the glory of God and the help of men, bless; and bring those weak endeavors to their desired haven, the salvation of souls and the strengthening of the burdened and the faint and the stronger strengthening of the strong.

Thy blessing, Lord, on all our ventures, of all our humble efforts in sociabilities, private devotions, public ministrations, wanderings by field and stream and under helpful stars and in everything however trivial whereby we have had in purpose sent by Thee to bring to those needing God, the God they need.

Cover up our ineffective effort with the wonder of Thy blessing, which maketh rich all hazard and all quiet toil, we pray, O Lord of souls, in Christ. Amen.

O King Eternal, We Are Made For Thee

LORD GOD Most High, we greatly rejoice that, as an old saint has said, "Thou hast created us for Thyself!" The thought staggers us, but masters us. Thou, the Eternal King, and we made for Thee! What egotism has caught us by the throat that we should claim affinity with Thee? Is it impertinence which talks such high talk? Are we simply impudent when we say we are made for God? Are we but coarse clamorers when we aspire to God?

Nay, God forbid. Not our coarseness, but our fineness, claims kinship to the Blessed God. We feel we are of the zenith; and the nadir is not our destination, but our starting point. We are from the above and we are for the above. Our manifest allegiancy is to the Eternal. Our immortality takes us by the hand and leads us on and up. Our pulse-beat is not for time, but for eternity. We are not creation's languor, but are princely unrest and heavenly striving. We are caged birds which want the sky and beat wings to

bleeding to be quit of the little prison. Our natural history is our supernatural destiny. "Thou hast created us for Thyself." That is the explanatory clause of our notable soul unrest. We are as the waves of the sea—we can not be quiet. Some star tugs at us and we are in a blind way answering to the call. Unrest Thou art as Thou art the Rest. Behind us art Thou to back us up, behind us for the onward and the upward push. Before us, to beckon us to the hill country and the sky rim, and then beyond hill country and sky rim. Beyond us to give invitation to the realization of our soul selves, ever to show ourselves and the meaning of ourselves. "Thou hast created us for Thyself."

With all our nature we bless Thee and rejoice. We magnify and love God. Thou hast had us in Thy plan. Our hungerings are not blind but have holy aim. As migrant birds feel a tug and know not why they feel it, nor even that they feel it, but feel the tug and on some night leave their Summer and home-nest and bough where nestlings were and fly and fly and find another climate and another Summer and

another sky—so we who have had earth for our cradle and counter and grave feel the tug out and away, away and out! Thou, O God, art tugging at our spirits. Thou art our Home, our Fireside, our Hearthstone, our Destination; for "Thou hast created us for Thyself!" Glory to Thee, O Lord, masterful and ample. We must make no shipwreck in destiny. May we arrive at our desired haven, in due time. Thou art our Haven. Help us on our voyage, Lord. Amen.

God Is Our Doorkeeper

OUR Father in Heaven, we bless Thee that Thou hast set before us an open door and that no man can shut it. God is our Doorkeeper, and our Door is opened of God. Can we forget that? Dare we forget that? God has taken chance out of life. He has made it subject to plan. We are not withered leaves, whipped and chased of the wind; but men and women whose lives may order themselves. God wants to evoke our highest

powers. The door is open. God, even our God, stands with His hand on the latch. He wants us to go in and up. Lord, how can we love Thee as we ought for these gracious provisions? We would have God ever going in at His door and ours. The future beckons but does not wait. We must run if we would enter and enjoy. The loiterer is lost.

Thy door, our door! We are partners, God and we, partners of the open door. Lord, we are coming in. For art not Thou within? And is not service within? And is not heart-purity within? And is not the endless melody within? And are not the beloved within?

Lord, stand yet a minute at our door, and then—we are coming in. Help us, Lord God, and help us alway, in the name of Christ. Amen.

A Workingman's Prayer

WE THANK THEE, Heavenly Master, that Thou didst say in our hearing, "I must work the work of Him that sent Me," and again Thou didst say, "I must work to-day and to-morrow and the day following." It were a shame for us to be idle when Thou wast a day-laborer. We are glad for something to do and a heart to do it. We bless Thee for hands that are virile, prehensile, accommodative to every phase of toil; that they can grasp the hoe or the sword or the plow or the ship's helm or the boat's prow to drag it on the shore when the voyage is done, or from the beach back into the sea once more, or that can finger the lute with the dim suggestions of music even when silent, and the fisher's net or the pen or artist's brush or the scythe or the cradle, which needs rocking while our lips are singing, or the dishes for setting the supper-table where the lamps are lit and the laugh goes round, or to hold the limp hand of weary weakness or the Book of God for reading—we bless Thee for such multi-laboring hands. We are God's born

manufacturers, and His design is that there should be not one lazy man or woman among us all. So may we not frustrate the grace of God.

Make us honest workers, eager to do a good deal before the work hours are over. Give us the skill of holy cunning and zest. May we love the smell of our own shavings, and rejoice in the toil that makes our hands callous and the muscles of the arm vigorous. May the sun bronze our faces and love's labor make our hearts grow glad as if we were on a holiday. And when our tired hands fall and we can work no more, grant us to be among that elect company whose works do follow them. Receive our oblation in the name of God our Father and Jesus our Redeemer and the Holy Spirit our Comforter. Amen.

The Spirit of a Sound Mind, the Gift We Need

LORD, in Thy Word we are told that if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. We would hold fast to that suggestion. Our lack oppresses us like a great weight. The spirit of a sound mind is a gift we need. Grant us that mercy. Make us to be on daily guard against the marauding instinct which clamors and swaggers in words and ways, that runs riot like a stream in flood-time. Show us that in our restraint is evidenced our fidelity to God, and that fervency of spirit is evidenced no less by consideration than by vociferation. May we weigh our thoughts and words and goings so that in nothing the gospel may be blamed. May we be enthusiasts but not madmen. May we love Thee with a passion strong as strength, and serve Thee with a delicacy like the fine instinct of womanhood. May we forward God's cause and not retard it; assist all measures which lift life Godward, and persist in every calm and manly quality of mind and heart, to the end that through us the coming of Thy Kingdom may be

hastened and the coronation day of Jesus the Son of God may run toward us with swifter steps. Help us, for to help ourselves seems far from us. Amen.

May the Wind of God Blow Softly

LORD GOD, bless, we pray Thee, all of this congregation of Thine. Bless, we pray Thee, all of this earth of Thine. Bless, we pray Thee, every heart. We pray Thee, O God, this day, somehow, visit with Thy sunshine and Thy rain the barren spaces of the rocks and of the mountains, and grant, we pray Thee, that with Thy blessing, in Thy fingers some flower, some oak, some pine, something may grow and give fragrance or shadow, and let no human heart be altogether forsaken of God. Bless our convocation together with God. Breathe over us the Holy Ghost. Breathe on us the Holy Ghost. Breathe in us the Holy Ghost. May the wind of God blow softly on us this day, and may all of us feel the wistful calm of the presence of the Comforter. We pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Let Us Do Thy Work and Love the One Christ

O LORD GOD, we thank Thee that men may put their hands in the hands of God and become mighty. We thank Thee that Thou hast plenty of room for plenty of workmen, and that Thy job is not yet done. There are shavings still upon Thy bench; there are boards yet to be smoothed; there are anvils yet to be hammered on; there are instruments yet to be shaped; and here we are and here Thou art and here the anvil is, and here is the place where Thou art doing business, and Thou hast work that is big for all of us, and Thou art trusting all of us. Let us not fail Thee. Let us go to Thy business and do Thy work and love the one Christ, and serve the common cause, and glorify the common Master, and sing the common song, so that hereafter, in the morning of God, we shall come to sing the psalm of the angels of God, "Now unto Him that has loved us, and washed us in His own precious blood, to Him be glory and honor and dominion and power for ever and ever." Give us that song here, so we shall have

learned it before we come to that great and goodly company, and shall not stumble there, but be acquainted with it, and sing it as if we had been singing in the choir of Heaven a thousand years, we ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Thou Callest to Our Deeps

LORD GOD, our Heavenly Father, we worship Thee. We love to worship Thee. Thou callest to our deeps. Thou dost pre-empt our heights. Thou answerest to our breadth. Thou answerest to height, breadth, and depth, our cubic nature. Thou art our rational Lord and Master.

We worship Thee, Thou Fountain of living waters, the Head of infinite energy. From Thee flow through all the ages undiminished light, grace, peace, might. Thou wastest not. Our sun is burning out. Its light will soon burn low. The natural forces of this universe ebb like a receding tide. Thou alone abidest. The mountains are slowly but surely losing stature, and shall by and by dwindle to foothills, and the foothills shall vanish into plains. But the Mountain of the Lord suffers no diminution. It standeth high and divine-splendored. Halleluiah to our God, Thou, God abidest.

His bow abideth in strength. Nothing lasts but God. Thou art Source of all good things which needeth no replenishing.

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap," because Thou who art Lord of the trees hast the saps of all vitalities and canst supply all and suffer no loss of any volt of life. This God is ours. He can "supply all our need according to His riches in glory—by Christ Jesus."

We bow our souls to Thee, Almighty God. We weary, but Thou art never weary: small wonder that Thou art our Rest. We weaken and our sinews shrink: Thou canst dower us with strength.

Thou everlasting Grace, we worship Thee, and our flagging energy is re-energized and we walk and run and fly like eagles and the clouds.

So here we stay, close to our God, and here we pray. Knit up for us our "raveled sleave of care" with the Calm of eternity. Be our Stay.

Gift us, our God, with the sense of all Thou art, though we dare scarcely pray for that. The sense of all Thou art will gradually dawn on us while eternity takes its long and holy course. But gift us with some sense of seeing Thy wastelessness. We would, with the four and twenty elders, call "Holy, Holy, Holy" and bow

down. We need to bow down, but only unto Thee. Thou wilt lift us up; but Thou wilt not bow us down. That is our office for ourselves.

Lord, our Lord, wonderful in all the earth, we worship and bow down. Hallowed be Thy name, in Jesus Christ. Amen.

We Would Pilgrim Heavenward, But Not Alone

LORD, if, as we worship, we ask of Thee in the same breath, Thou wilt understand. Giving does not impoverish Thee, and asking enriches us. We would ask in humility and tears, yet with stalwart courage. We would not ask in the covetous spirit nor with selfish request, but because we want to be big, so we may do a man's work for man and God. We want brawn and brain and heart, that hard things may be a joy to us. We ask for might, not to boast of nor to display, but to use. We would be great with strength, so we might lift the faint and

make the fallen stand. We would pilgrim heavenward, but not alone.

We therefore pray for the world-mind and the other-world-mind. We ask that we may walk seeing Him who is invisible. We would love the earth. With Thy blood Thou hast redeemed and bought it. Thy world is holy; Thou hast tasted death for every man. Nobody is cheap since then. We love Thee for Thy deed of holy sacrifice.

Help us climb to-day. It is a hard climb for our little lives, and a long climb; but, Lord, Thou art with us; make the climb along with us. Help us to love all men, wicked, weak, erring, shamed, so prone, so lost. Thou hast bought them with Thy blood; all are very dear to God. May they be very dear to us. Amen.

A Prayer For School Folk

O GOD of the little children, God of the old folks, God of the everlasting youth, we praise Thee, we bless Thee for this Spring-time charm of age. May we feel not that life declineth, but that life ascendeth. May it be not that the sun goes down in the west, but that it is climbing up toward a radiant east. Lord, bless all the school teachers; there is such a company in the world; there is such a company in this great American world, and they have such a big business. Every little schoolhouse whose door opens Monday morning, and the children trudge with their dinner-pail across the fields—bless all such teachers and all such children, in country and city schools. O we pray Thee that the teachers who have so much at heart, so great a business, so worrying a business, may understand that they need not so much their own strength, but Thine. Bless all of us. Keep us from anger. Keep us to faith and tenderness; and grant that tomorrow our way may become better and more inspiring than each day before. And may all of us keep close to the Father who

loves us. Make us God's folks, so that He will not be ashamed of any of us, but can take a Father's pride in us, and point us out as sons of His and daughters of His. And help us so that in this next week we can be bigger and better than ever before. We make our prayer in the name of Him who taught us prayer. Amen.

Prayer to Be Unturbulent

PRINCE OF PEACE, we crave Thy spirit. We need the pacific mood. We find ourselves turbulent and in perpetual insurrection. We make outcry when there is no hurt. We are antagonists of too many people and things. We are fitful, peevish, lacerated in soul when really we ought to be grateful and singing.

Wars and rumors of wars are on our spirits like the shadow of a sword. We are belligerent without cause. We are perpetually like the old-time gentleman—feeling for our sword. And we so seldom need a sword. We know in our wiser moments that the best way to get on is pacifically. Ructious moods are, in general, dull moods of small souls.

So are we drawn to the Prince of Peace. We recognize in Thee our rightful Lord. Thou bringest calm to troubled seas or troubled hearts. "Peace, be still," is Thy word, not ours. We wake in the night, startled, and cry, "Woe is on us and the strife of swords;" when, if we were wide-awake, we should know the riot was in our own blood and in our own hearts.

We need peace and the Prince of it. We need a King who can calmly say, in the face of swords, "Put up thy sword." The rattle of saber and sheath is not the music to which eternity makes march. The jangle of military display, the rush of hot blood through burning veins are the signs of a wicked heart. Prince of the clean heart, Prince of Peace, set up Thy dominion in our souls. Reign in vast quiet so that our turbulence may bustle about no longer, but we may run and not pant, struggle and not be disturbed. The longer we live, the more we know we need the Great Quiet. Wouldst Thou fill our lives so that we might reduce our antagonisms and hostilities till our hearts should no more have the semblance of battle camps, but of shepherds camping in the Bethlehem night.

Because Thou art the loving Prince of Peace and controllest with calming peace, we laud and magnify Thee. We confess our wanderings. Their memory is grievous unto us. We fain would dwell in Thy secret place, that there the peace of God which passeth all understanding might calmly keep our hearts and minds, by Jesus Christ. Amen.

From Behind the Lattices Where Shine the Stars

WE REJOICE that God likes to have us around; we are never strangers to Him. When we come over to His mercy seat, then He looks on us and says, with eyes as well as with lips: "I am so glad that you are here." And may everybody in this place of prayer, in every place of prayer around this globe, feel that he is God's especial favorite, and she is God's especial favorite, feel that God has been on the lookout for that heart, that God is glad that we ourselves have come.

Keep us, O Lord, in this holy presence of this holy God, from thinking that nobody cares about us, and we are not really counting for anything in this world. God watches for us to come. We do amount to much. O Lamb of God, we come! Come and take Thou our burdens and lift them a little from our shoulders; take Thou our tears and wipe them a little from our eyes; take Thou our rejoicing, and lend a little holy laughter from Thy lips to our laughter; take our plans which were meant for the betterment of the world, and do not be-

little them, but exalt them, so that out of our trivial designs may come untrivial results for man and the future, and for God. Bless all our souls. May the Holy Spirit warm us. May it seem not Winter, but mid-Summer. May the glory of God dwell in us, shining on us. May our faces all have the shining that cometh from back behind the lattices where shine the stars. May God have special help for us, we pray in Christ. Amen.

Snow-bound

LORD, the snows lie thick upon the fields of russet corn and where the streams go wandering through the woods, and all the woodland paths are lost, and all the world is barren as if no flower had ever leafed or bloomed. The cold wind shivers at the casement, and the cattle shiver on the leaside of the haystacks, and the wide world dwells disconsolate. The clouds are gray as the ashes of a deserted camp-fire in the woods. There is no harbinger of Spring, nor any comfort felt afar. Winter holds his sullen sovereignty. Plainly we are snow-bound. Who shall break the grip of Winter and bring back seedtime and harvest?

Such might lies not in us, O Lord. We are impotent to change the seasons as the swallows are. We are creatures of the storm and know not any way to turn the north wind back and bring the south wind blowing flowers at bloom along the winding waters packed now with snows and ice. We are at the storm's command. So far

as any might of ours goes, there is eternal Winter. We are wasted of the storm.

But, Lord of Spring, Thou canst bring back the flowers. Thou canst command the south wind and it will blow again. Thou canst command the earth, and from the frozen glebe growing things shall spring and the yellow marshes shall shine green once more.

Thanks be to God the Almighty. Thou commandest and controllest the Seasons; and we are content. We laud Thee, Lord, for Thy Kingship over things—all things, all worlds, all souls, all Winters, all laughters. Thou wilt bring back the Spring. The Winter voices of discontent shall still them into quiet when Thou sayest, "Be still!" So we bide our time—our time and Thine. Our times are in Thy hands; and so our Springtime, though long-delayed, shall come again. Thanks be to God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

His Knowledge Instead of Ours

WE glorify God that we may discover the Largest. God is to be met at the crossing of the ways, on the highways, on the winding paths that border on the streams. Anywhere, God is. In hovels of penury, in sinks of vice, on mountains of holiness, on the verge of human hells, in swirls of sinking seas, in habitations of luxury, at anvil, plow or railroad, God is present. He stands midway of the road—my road, everybody's road.

We humbly bless Thee for this crowning mercy that our nights and days may be spent close to God who is Himself the explanatory of all things we need to know. His knowledge stands instead of ours. We praise Thee, love Thee, worship Thee. We call on all instruments which know how to waken melody to worship our God, excellent in majesty, solitary in holiness. The wonderful and living God we bless what time we tabernacle here and shall join with that throng innumerable which circles round the throne, when we shall better know the ways of praise and exultantly use them while eternity endures. Amen.

Our Heights Are Made For Them

OUR loving Father, we would humbly pray, with the devout astronomer, that we might think Thy thoughts after Thee. They are so high, so enthralling to the mind, so compelling to every worthy motion of the spirit, so dwarfing to the unworthy in us and about us, so fitted to our natures and our supernatures. Our heights are made for the gathering about them of the gracious clouds of Thy high thoughts. We bless Thee for our sight of Thy ways, which are very wonderful, and in particular for the sight of Thyself, which equips our thoughts for flights and our love for sacrifice and devotion. May we pattern our thinking after Thine, so that it shall be pure and vigorous and predestined to noble ends! May we have the mind that was in Christ, whatever that great phrase may mean! Keep us far removed from the ignoble, whether in thought or imagination or sport or friendship or occupation. May we be holy, and so free to turn our might to God's own uses, we pray in Jesus' name. Amen.

Make Us God's Citizens

WE ARE glad Thou hast made us factors efficient, significant in this world's arithmetic. We are grateful to be integers, not zeros. We are grateful to feel the world needs us to walk on its crowded streets and to mix our blood and brain with the world's policies and potencies. We bless God that in market-place and in schools and church and libraries and primaries and mechanical and farming industries—in all of these things we are to feel ourselves quite at home, and are to do with our might what our hands find to do. Keep us from the inanity of day-dreaminess and lotus-eating. Make us God's citizens, strong to inject into the veins of government the warm and ruddy life-blood of the gospel of our Christ. Keep us from the perverseness of seeing men as trees walking. Deliver us from the invalid spirit. Make us gleeful betimes as little children let loose from school, and make us so because we believe in God, and who believes in Him must keep a blessed cheer always in his heart, for our God has promised to bring virtue to victory, and He has

not failed us yet. Make us optimists as citizens, whose strength shall not be palsied by the gloom of undue doubts, but make us influences in our communities to shape for helpfulness every good thing under Heaven. This prayer we make as citizens, in the name of Christ. Amen.

Teach Us How to Frequent All Highways

WE THANK the Lord for the sense of loveliness which lies in all about us, for the quiet in the night, for the stridency of day, for the ways crowded by many feet and many wheels, and the world industries which the wit of man has conceived and which amaze us by their intricacy and multitude. Quiet and clamor are alike dear to Thee, and by Thy good grace may become dear to us. The dissimilarity does not grate on us, but stimulates us.

We bless Thee Thou hast made us assimilative of the many things and the varying types of experience and landscape. Keep us, we pray Thee, to Thy catholicity. We so readily grope in our own little ruts and think ourselves catholic when we are petty. We would see how Thou dost, how Jesus did. Highway, byway, seaside, lily-path, bickering sparrows, new-plowed field, gorgeous palace, the sunset, the mart, the fish boat, the crowd, the diseased company, where the lepers cried with strident voices taught to weep but scarcely taught

to pray—all this, and more, the Lord of Glory loved and frequented. We would learn from Thee, through Him, how to frequent all highways, how to love all mountains, how to search for place of prayer by day, by night. Everywhere we go may we keep the open heart. Lord, help us!

We tend to be as the wayside turtles which, while they walk the road trod by others, close the shell when the world walks by. Keep us on speaking terms with all things below the stars and beyond them. May we know the dialect of all things which are of good repute. Shut our souls to nothing save to badness. We would shun that; but we shall if we walk with Thee. Say to our hearts, "Look abroad:" say to our faculties, "Awake:" say to our loves, "Be pure:" say to our souls, "I have made you for Myself, therefore have care and keep thyself white like lilies which float upon the hidden stream." Lord, Lord, company with us momently, perpetually so that we may have heavenly guidance and company and the sweet sense of sins forgiven and Thy Holy Spirit whispering, "Peace," we ask in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Lord of Centuries and Governments

LORD of centuries and governments, we worship Thee and recognize Thee as Lord of all. At Thy command kingdoms march to prominence and dominion, and at Thy behest they vanish like a bubble in the sea. There is but one Potentate who abides and whose government endures. Thy Kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to it there is no frontier.

We thank Thee out of full hearts that these things are so. Wicked men may hold scepter, but they can not hold it long. Their day of wicked sovereignty is brief. They blow clarion bugles, but their dominion vanishes swift as the bugle notes. The King Eternal will have a hand. He will enthrone and dethrone. The State which defies Thee perishes. It has bleak rocks with fisher nets drying in the sun where once great cities built wharves and set ships sailing to the remotest sea: and in palaces once dwelt in by kings the only inhabitants are owls and bats. The nation that sinneth, it shall die, even as the soul that sinneth.

Lord, we want to hearken unto Thee and

heed Thy last word spoken on the longevity of States.

We thank Thee for our own dear Country. We love it so and have had such citizens help form its declaration and constitution and laws. A strange breath has blown from very high mountains into our faces in these unusual and even unparalleled privileges given us by our Native Land. May we rejoice in our Country more and more. Forbid that we be ingrates and receive all at our Country's hands and give no patriotic return. May our Land be blest of God. Keep it a Christian Nation. Let it not be a bulkiness grown rich, prosperous, great, safe against to-morrow, capable of self-sustentation, but may it be a wholesome land with high ideals learnt of Christ, an observer of Sabbaths and Decalogue and Golden Rule and Sermon on the Mount. May it know that God is the Lord. May His mandates be its laws: may His spirit inspire its legislation: may fealty to Him be the main test of qualification for citizenship and important positions. May God's gentleness teach America how to rule: may rich and poor have common patriotism: may we as a people be kept

from vanity and kept to humility and chasteness in spirit and conduct.

Haste the day, O Lord, when Thy Bible Book may have its place in the curricula of common schools and all colleges. May we possess that sagacity which perceives that we can not teach knowledge with safety, since that is alone jeopardy. Impart us the wisdom to know that moral and religious tuition is a necessity of a republic. Gift us with spiritual vision so that as a people we may put into daily practice those principles which shall conduce to national longevity and help each of us as citizens to see that in our hands is the fate of our Native Land.

May we perceive that a righteous citizenship can not be extemporized, but must be cultivated as we do forests against their extermination. May we lay growing stress on intelligence and piety and honorable toil and the genuine spirit of democracy so that we may be equipped to be brothers, indeed. May sobriety and high-mindedness and deference for women and consideration for childhood and age be symptoms of our daily behavior. All these things we shall do by Thy grace. Thou hast brought us

to the peace and plenty and power we now enjoy, and we would not forget by whose aid we are become the pre-eminence we are. Thou art the Author of our democracy and the Safeguarder of our institutions. Thou hast not dealt so with any other people. Forsake us not, O Lord, nor leave us to our own devices nor the dull guidance of our own understandings. May it be our supreme wisdom not to forsake Thee, we pray in the name of the Christ. Amen.

Thou Hast Put the World in Our Blood

LORD, we would humbly bless Thee at this hour because Christ acclimated our thought and our love to the world. He sturdily took us by the hand to lead us out from our back-door yard into the wide, wide world. We were not easy to lead. We have hung back like a spoiled child; but the Christ grip has kindly not let go of our hand. He has been steadily leading us out into His great world. He is like the sun which is ever passing over all lands, visiting all meadows with his gleam, changing all darkness to ineffable light. The sun rides the sky to find the world, but our Christ walks the ground to find the world. 'T is an elect journey thrilling as the voice of drums, but we have been heavy with sleep and cared not for so sumptuous a festival for the soul. Howbeit, Christ has held our neglectful hand and has led us on, so that now we are a little outside and past our own gate.

Lord, we bless Thee that Jesus spake so steadily and gravely of the world, that His gospel was meant for that wide domin-

ion. He knew He was not for a province, but for a planet. He died for a world of sinful folks, and for a world of folks He built His Easter. The world is one, cemented into definite and sublime solidarity by the blood of Jesus Christ, Lord of all souls and futures, Author and Finisher of faith. We praise God for this world-mood taught of Jesus, invented by Jesus, whereby provincialism has been dealt a body blow and the world has been put into our blood. We greatly rejoice in Him for this enlargement of us so sadly needed by us all. Save for Him we had not come so far. We had dawdled around our little dooryard all our days. But now, praise to Him from whom our salvation comes, we feel the whole world, we love the whole world, we humbly but heartily strive to serve the whole world. We no longer palter like spleenful children about Gentiles and Barbarians and such like phrases of appalling egotism and littleness, but we talk of "fellowman" and "brotherman," and love to bear one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Blessed God, keep fast hold of our hand lest, if Thou let it fall, we should revert to

our oldtime littleness. Set in our narrow but enlarging hearts Thy bugle call, "Unto the uttermost parts of the earth," so shall we learn the notes and sing them in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

Father

"OUR FATHER"—how that earth-word yearns itself into our hearts! All our swift memories of father-hood leap into life in that endearing word. The strong hand, the steady love, the broad shoulders, stooped to bear us in our play or bear our burdens and our cares; the welcoming smile, the return home at night, the kiss, the cuddling down, the strength which took us up and carried us in the day so easily and restfully, the fearlessness in the dark which bore us through the dark so that we were not afraid, the provision for our wants before our wants were known unto ourselves, the rejoicing in our gladness, the sobbing with our sadness, the vigil at our bed of pain, the carrying us in his strong arms all through the

weary stages of a weary night, the voice that halely called, "Good morning," the blithe words which gayly said, "Good-bye," when we set out to college with gleeful morning hearts, but which in later years we knew cost him dear, for when we were out of sight his dear voice shook and his dear face was wet with tears; our sturdy father who loved to work for us, nor ever thought it hardship, who, to the last low ebb of mortal breath, prayed for us and bade us meet him in the Father's House. Our Father—all that and more, *and more*, comes to us in the words in which our Lord Christ bade us open prayer.

All the memories that precious phrase awakens are accentuated and sublimated when they apply to God our Father. Hallowed be Thy name, O Father. What our fathers after the flesh have been to us in love and care and sleepless plan and unostentatious devotion, Thou art and more, always more. Thy Father love is our rejoicing all our days. Thy hands toil for us, Thy bleeding, pierced hands: Thy feet journey to us, Thy pierced feet: Thy shoulders lean under our load, bearing our heavy cross: Thy back is lacerated with our

stripes, so that by Thy stripes we are healed: Thy heart holds oceans of love for us, Thy broken heart on the windy hill.

Thou ART our Father, hallowed be Thy name and blessed be Thy name forever. No orphans we, now nor ever; not bereft, but loved and planned for and greatly kept, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Our Father, we would kiss Thy feet and call with broken voices swept across by rain of tears, Our Father, we love Thee, hallowed be Thy name in Christ. Amen.

Lord, Hush My Heart

LORD, hush my heart. Its turbulence dispels Thy Spirit. It moans and wakes like stormy seas. The tempests brew there. The night has clamorous voices and the day is like the beat of martial drums. These things are not of Thee. Their rudeness savors not of the courtesy of God. I can not hear Thy whisper while this heart-uproar lasts. And it is Thy whisper my heart is hungry for.

When battle rages with its cry of war, low voices are not translatable. I want a heart to hear the whisper of the Lord.

So, hush my heart, Lord. Stay my strife. Lay steady hand of quiet on my wilder moods of care and harassing detail. Bid them all ease their amazed clamor. They will listen to Thy voice and heed its mandates. Their brute carousings of lacerative moods and deeds—I fain would be quit of them. They interfere with Thee; and what I want is Thyself. The God of the great calm is my adoration.

So, Holy Spirit, hush my heart. Bid it be boisterous and carousing no more. Hush it. Bid its stridency be very still, and then, O then! I shall hear Thy whisper; and so shall I have not brief but endless calm.

Lord, hush my heart; and I shall know a peace more quiet than a summer evening calm, more restful than when waterlilies sleep. Lord, hush my heart. Amen.

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